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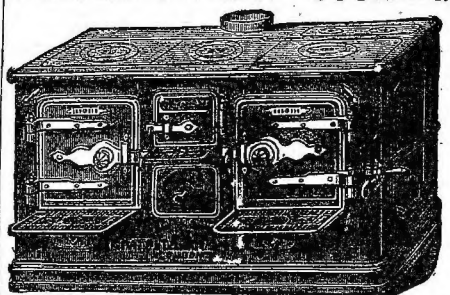
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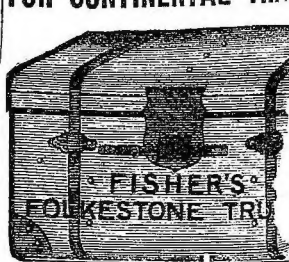
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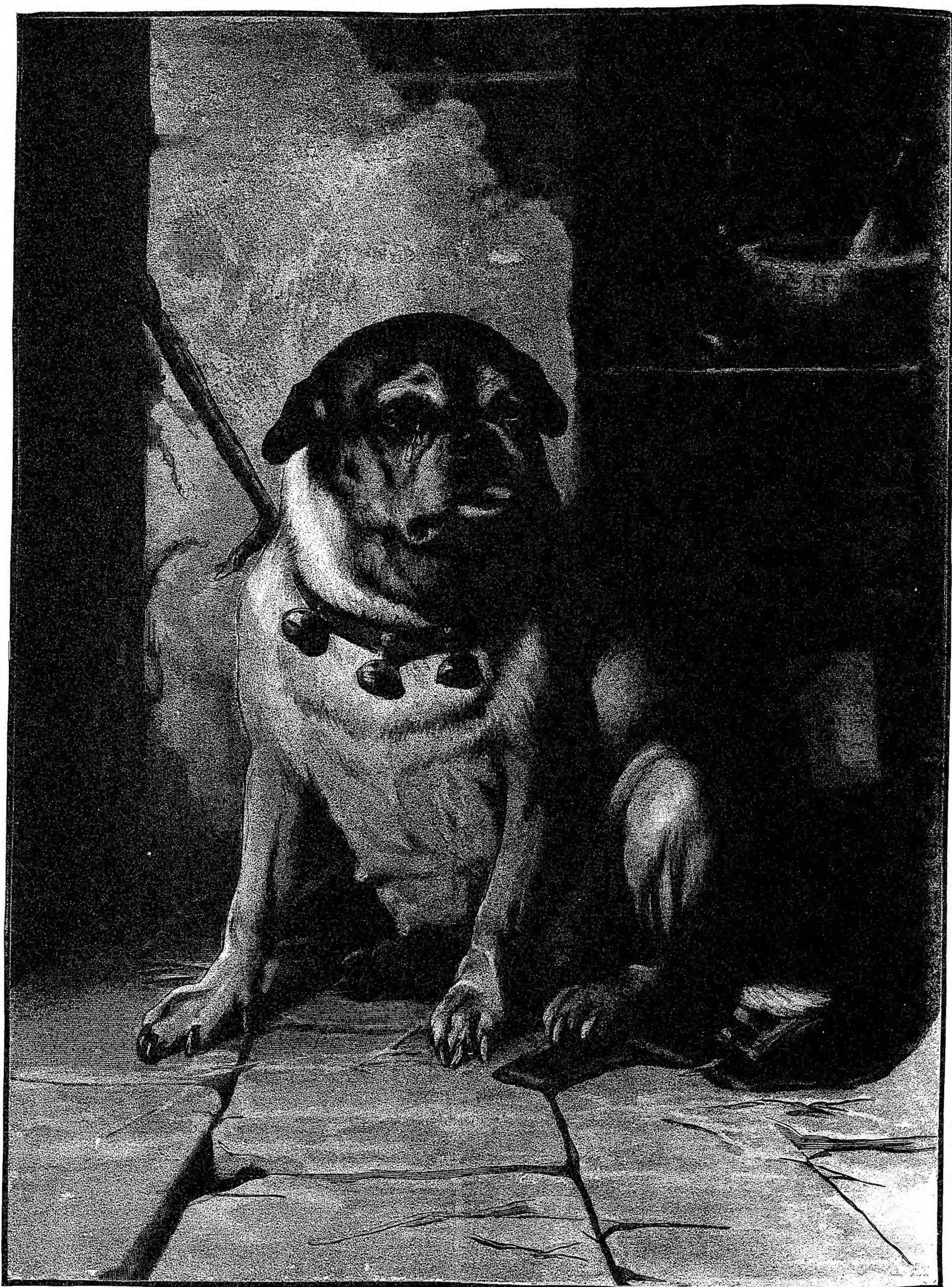
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"THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS"

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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

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## Topics of the Week

**THE KILMAINHAM REVELATIONS.**—The criminal who turns approver, and accuses his fellow-prisoners to save his own neck, is necessarily a person whose reputation is the reverse of spotless; nevertheless in such cases he may, and usually does, speak the truth. There seems no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of James Carey's disclosures, corroborated as they are, in several important particulars, by the evidence of untainted witnesses. Those persons in this country (including the bulk of the Whig-Radical party) who for a long time stoutly contended that the Land League was as wholesome and constitutional an organisation as the Anti-Corn Law League of forty years ago, and that there was no complicity between its members and the Moonlighters and murderers, now mournfully acknowledge that they were mistaken. We venture to remark that this optimistic view of the situation has never been taken in these columns. Ever since Irish agitation revived simultaneously with the return of Mr. Gladstone to power, we have persistently maintained that the restless beings who kept Ireland in a ferment were, whatever they styled themselves, Land Leaguers or Fenians, marching along the same dangerous path of disloyalty, sedition, outrage, and murder. Of course, they are not all equally guilty. In periods of revolution, some agitators are always more thorough-going than others. Where the more timid are satisfied with boycotting or cattle-maiming, the bolder spirits prefer the knife and the bullet. But the motive which actuates them all is the same, and the best of them condemn an atrocity very faintly, if they believe that indirectly it conduces to the object they have in view, namely, the political independence of Ireland. There is nothing surprising in this, nor in Carey's disclosures, seeing that Ireland has for centuries been honeycombed with secret associations, and that Irishmen of the baser sort are adepts in the baleful arts of conspiracy; what is really surprising is that Her Majesty's Ministers, numbering among them such men as Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, should actually have fancied, not twelve months ago, that they could pacify Ireland by the agency of this precious crew of disloyalists. One is naturally prepared for a good deal of folly and obstinacy where Mr. Gladstone takes the lead, but in this case it might have been expected that the vagaries of "the Inner Circle" of the Cabinet would have been restrained by the more sensible of his colleagues. However, the Phoenix Park Tragedy caused the scheme to vanish without trial, while at the same time the barometer of Ministerial Policy towards Ireland went down with a run from Conciliation to Coercion.

**M. FERRY'S MINISTRY.**—M. Ferry deserves credit for courage in undertaking the task of forming a new Cabinet. Not only do the Senate and the Chamber regard each other with suspicion and dislike, but in the Chamber itself it seems to be almost impossible to form a stable majority. One section of the Republicans demands that the system of administration shall be decentralised; another, that centralisation shall be not only maintained, but developed. The possibility of compromise does not appear to have occurred to either party; so that the new Ministry, if it decided to associate with one of them, would be sure to expose itself to the hostility of the other. And this would inevitably lead to defeat in the end, since the Monarchists and Imperialists are always delighted to vote with any set of Republicans who wish to turn out a Government. M. Ferry will probably try to steer a middle course, but few observers think that he has any chance of securing a trustworthy majority by halting between irreconcilable policies. It becomes more and more clear that nothing of importance can be accomplished either by M. Ferry, or by any other Minister, with the present Chamber. Of course it is possible that, if the country were appealed to, the relations of parties would be as confused after the general election as they are now; but this is hardly likely. It is more probable that the nation would show decisively whether it desires to be governed in accordance with Radical or in accordance with Moderate ideas. The Moderates do not like to run the risk of provoking a response unfavourable to their own opinions: but almost any policy, if it were consistent, would be better than incessant and futile conflict. By the intrigues and jealousies of the Republicans during the last few weeks, far more injury has been done to free institutions than could be effected by a strong Ministry headed by M. Clémenceau.

**UMBRELLAS AS WEAPONS.**—In reading the evidence which Town Councillor Carey gave as to the Phoenix Park murders—or "removals," as the Irish Invincibles call them—it is impossible to avoid wishing that the heroic victims of hired stabbers had been armed. To carry arms is repugnant, in all circumstances, to the character of the civilised Englishman. In the old shooting days in New Orleans our countrymen found it to be wise, as well as congenial to their ideas, to wear no pistols. Probably Mr. Forster went unarmed among the villains who were plotting against his life, while Englishmen at home were conspiring, under Irish influence, against his reputation. Mr. Burke carried no revolver, and Lord Frederick Cavendish was equally unarmed. Had it been otherwise they might possibly have

scattered the mob of cravens who hacked them to death. In days when gentlemen wore swords, a skilled fencer would have had a chance for his life against men armed with knives. Lord Frederick had only his umbrella; with this, when Mr. Burke was assaulted, he struck one of the ruffians across the face, thereby sealing his own doom. An umbrella is worse than useless as a striking weapon; but the point can be used with deadly effect. A thrust in the face may kill, and will certainly maim and mark, a ruffianly assailant. One of our scamen, in the Alexandria massacre, drove the point of his stick through the mouth and out at the back of the neck of an Arab who attacked him, and afterwards fought his way to the ship. This value of the umbrella may sometimes be usefully remembered by Englishmen who carry no other weapon.

**AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.**—Monday's debate on this subject was fairly instructive, but certainly not encouraging. That both landlords and tenants are distressed every one admits, but no one seems able to suggest a remedy which will be of practical advantage to the sufferers, and which at the same time stands any reasonable chance of being adopted by Parliament. For example, if it be true that the diseases which have of late years ravaged our flocks and herds are clearly traceable to the importations of foreign cattle and sheep, the farmers have good cause to complain. Their prices are lowered while at the same time their stock is diminished. What an outcry there would be in Lancashire if it was found that cotton yarn or cloth imported from abroad possessed the peculiar quality of rotting and mildewing the home-made article! The two cases are fairly analogous. But now for the proposed remedy. The friends of the farmers say, "Forbid altogether the entry of foreign sheep and cattle." "Yes," replies Mr. Mundella, "and raise the price of meat threepence a pound. Would the consumer stand that?" Certainly he would not. The same objection applies to the reimposition of the corn duties. Unless the amended tariff were to raise permanently the price of cereals it would be of no benefit to the farmer; and if it did raise the price the consumer would say, "I want my cheap Free Trade loaf back again." And a return to Protection involves another difficulty which is not so much noticed as it deserves. A substantial corn-duty (even on the sliding system) would discourage the growth of cereals for export in America and Australia, with the result that, in case of a deficient harvest, our loaf might jump up to a famine price. Protection, therefore, either to corn or cattle must, we think, be dismissed from the category of possible measures of relief. That the farmers are unduly taxed few candid inquirers will deny; and it is possible also, though here we are more sceptical, that the law might help them to make better bargains with their landlords than they can make for themselves. But cannot farmers do something to help themselves out of their present distress? We do not join in the outcry about luxury, because all classes have become more luxurious, that is, they have wants which their fathers knew not of. But a farmer's wife may surely understand French, and play the piano, and yet rear chickens and look after the dairy. When we look at the appalling long bill which we pay to foreigners for eggs, butter, and fruit, we cannot but believe that our home-cultivators might secure more of this business. Hitherto we have said nothing about the weather, which many people declare to be the main cause of the farmers' troubles. Doubtless there has been a rather unusual run of bad seasons, at the same time we must not reckon too much on good seasons to follow. In our high Northern latitude bad harvests are the rule. Of late years, however, the farmer has been handicapped, not only by bad harvests, but by low prices, murrain, and dear labour, all happening together. No wonder that in many cases the poor fellow has sunk, without chance of rising again, under the accumulated burdens.

**CONSERVATIVES AND THE AFFIRMATION BILL.**—It is not, perhaps, surprising that the Conservatives have announced their intention of vehemently opposing a measure the immediate object of which is to enable Mr. Bradlaugh to take his seat. It may be doubted, however, whether even from their own point of view their determination is a prudent one: for the principle of the Bill is certain to be recognised sooner or later; and the only result of the coming struggle will be to waste a good deal of time which might be devoted to useful work. Hitherto no solid argument has been advanced in support of the existing system. It may be effective rhetoric to say that the admission of Atheists into Parliament means a national renunciation of religion; but nobody really believes that the proposed relief of those who object to oaths has, or can have, any such significance. It means simply that constituencies shall not be deprived of the services of those whom they appoint to represent them. Conservatives may regret that Northampton should choose to be represented by an aggressive enemy of religion; but experience has shown that the nation does not promote its true interests by giving factitious importance to any set of opinions, however extravagant, by preventing them from being freely expressed. The Oath was not introduced for the purpose of excluding Atheists. Its aim was merely to provide what the majority of Englishmen regarded as the most solemn form of affirmation; and if any one asserts that for him the affirmation is made less solemn by its association with religious ideas, logic and expediency both require that his convictions shall be respected. The Oath

does not really exclude Atheists; and its tendency, when it is used insincerely, is surely not to increase popular respect for Theistic doctrine.

**RAILWAYS AND MORALITY.**—New York morality is probably excellent, but Mr. Jay Gould wishes to paint this purest of lilies, and to make the citizens even more exemplary than they are at present. For this excellent purpose he wishes to stop the late trains on the Elevated Road. Mr. Gould argues, it seems, that "the night trains are conducive to late hours and dissipation. If they do not run, people who would do otherwise will go home, and the tone of society will be improved." People who would do otherwise than what? Do otherwise than run? There is nothing immoral in running. Probably Mr. Gould means do otherwise than go home. The language attributed to him is somewhat like that of the worthy magistrate, who thus addressed a sturdy tramp, "Prisoner, Heaven has blessed you with health and strength, instead of which you go about stealing ducks." There is, however, something to be said for Mr. Gould's scheme for abolishing late hours. Much might be done for morality in London by legislation of the same paternal kind. Why should not night hansoms be abolished? They are a weariness to driver and horse, and they enable people to stay out who otherwise would do otherwise, so to speak. The rich, to be sure, could still stay out as long as they pleased, and go home in their carriages. But, to parody the Northern Farmer, "the rich, in a loomp, is bad," and we cannot expect "hearts as pure and fair to beat in Belgrave Square" as among the virtuous sons of toil, however much we legislate.

**STATE-AIDED EMIGRATION.**—Mr. George Potter called attention the other day to this subject, which deserves more notice than it receives. Ireland is familiarly spoken of as over-populated, but has not Great Britain also got more people than it can comfortably carry? If we deduct the sparsely-peopled mountain regions of the north and west, and the purely agricultural tracts, it will be found that a population almost as dense as that of Southern China is congregated in the remaining districts. This population is chiefly settled in great towns, and is occupied in trade and manufactures. If a great war were to break out, and were to seal up our harbours, this population, feeding to a great extent on foreign meat and bread, and dependent on foreign trade, would suffer as people suffer in besieged cities. The congestion grows greater year by year. Is it not worth while to try and relieve it? It would be absurd to spend the national money in shovelling out paupers and worthless people. As it is, too many of the latter are shipped off by their friends, just to get them out of the way. These people discredit the colonies to which they go, and give emigration an ill name. There are, however, tens of thousands of persons who in this country gain a bare pittance, but who in the colonies could save money and attain to independence. They are too poor to pay their own passages, but if the State would help them, they would speedily repay the outlay as customers to the mother country, for it is well-known that, in spite of protective laws, we have no such profitable customers as the colonies. But where is the money to come from? Where, we may reply, did the millions come from which we have lately spent in propping up the Khédive of Egypt, and which the public consented to spend in the most cheerful fashion? The money which paid for the Egyptian campaign we shall never see again, but if some day we have the heart to spend a good round sum in "emigrating" honest hardworking people we shall get ultimately excellent interest for our investment.

**A SCOTTISH SECRETARY OF STATE.**—The Town Council of Edinburgh passed a resolution the other day advocating the creation of a Scottish department, with a Secretary of State of Cabinet rank. This is asking a good deal; but the people of Scotland are not usually unreasonable in their demands; and, if they really wish to have a Secretary of State of their own, we do not see why their desire should not be gratified. Until quite recently the only great officer responsible for the conduct of Scottish business was the Lord Advocate; and the result was that very little Scottish business received serious attention. The Lord Advocate was so much occupied with what is now, and ought always to have been, his special work—work connected with the administration of law—that he had neither time nor energy to devote to questions of more general interest. Lord Rosebery was made Under-Secretary at the Home Office, on the understanding that he should be virtually Minister for Scotland; and it is universally admitted that this arrangement has had excellent results. One of its immediate effects was that Parliament passed several important Scottish measures—among them a Bill for the complete reorganisation of secondary education in Scotland. And in the Speech from the Throne for the present Session the Government announced its intention of dealing with several questions relating to Scotland which, under the old system, would certainly have been indefinitely postponed. All this is satisfactory enough, as far as it goes; but even an Under-Secretary for the Home Department has not sufficient influence to enable him to do full justice to a part of the United Kingdom in which there are still many traces of ancient national independence. If the appointment of a Scottish Secretary of State would add to the labours of Parliament, the Government might be excused for declining to consider the matter; but the effect of the scheme would



rather be to relieve Parliament, since it would tend still further to concentrate the business of Scotland in the hands of her own representatives.

**DISHONEST RAILWAY PASSENGERS.**—"No fewer than 10,549 persons were detected during the past half-year trying to defraud the North London Company by riding in a superior class to that for which they had paid, or by paying no fare at all." Such is the statement of the worthy Chairman of the North London Railway Company, and it causes reflections which are the reverse of pleasant. As the North Londoners are probably not more immoral than other people, these figures indicate an uncomfortably large percentage of petty rogues in our midst. Still there are palliations. Just as there are people who will purloin an umbrella but not a watch; so there are people who will not scruple to "best" a railway company, who would be loth to wrong a private person. They copy the morality of the mediæval outlaws who plundered rich abbots and fat graziers, but spared the poor man's donkey or goose. Then there is a difference of degree in the guilt of the offences above enumerated. We should not like to make a bosom friend of a man who habitually shouted "Season!" on passing the collector, although in actual fact ticketless. But the man who, with a crowded train, and only thirty seconds to get into it, leaps into a first-class carriage with a second or third-class ticket, may, if he does not do it too often, be a decent fellow enough. Let us hope that the majority of the 10,549 black sheep of North London belong to this latter category of crime.

**SALVATIONISTS ABROAD.**—When General Booth decided to send detachments of his so-called Army into foreign countries, probably most Englishmen assumed that he would only make himself and his Army ridiculous. It turns out, however, that foreigners have taken the Salvationists very seriously indeed. M. Daudet has honoured them by making them the subject of a novel; and Madame de Gasparin, who is perhaps the most popular religious writer on the Continent, has astonished the General by writing an eloquent pamphlet in which she compares him to Loyola, and declares that the "S" on the collar of the coat worn by his soldiers ought to stand for "Satan." In Geneva the young women who have been perorating about theological mysteries have been treated with a severity which Swiss authorities seldom display towards adherents of the gospel of dynamite. This opposition to "the movement" is, no doubt, regarded by General Booth as the highest conceivable compliment; and it must be admitted that if he and his followers had been altogether insignificant they would scarcely have excited so much hostility. If we may judge by the letter addressed to the *Times* the other day by Mr. Charlesworth, the father of the girl who accompanied Miss Booth to Geneva, the Salvationists will have some difficulty in convincing sensible Englishmen that they do not thoroughly deserve some of the hard things which have been said about them by their foreign critics. This young person was encouraged to disregard the wishes of her father, a clergyman who had strong sympathy with the original efforts of Mr. Booth to reach classes who seem to have passed almost beyond the range of the influence of the Church. She was taught to look upon the claims of the Army as higher and more imperative than those of domestic duty; and so she passed from one form of unhealthy excitement to another, until at last by her expulsion from Geneva her name was brought prominently before the world. Mr. Charlesworth protests solemnly against the influence of an organisation which thus thrusts itself between parent and child; and there are few serious men either in England or elsewhere who will not be of opinion (even after reading Mr. Booth's reply) that his protest is both natural and right.

**A QUAIL MATCH.**—In America, where the birds have no Princess of Wales to plead their cause, quail-eating seems to have taken the place of pigeon-shooting. A Mr. Walcott has backed himself to consume a thousand quails in a thousand hours, or perform some other prodigy of gluttony of the same description. The *New York Evening Post* gives details of Mr. Walcott's graceful feats as a quail-eater. On February 4th, "the quail-match reached the point at which Mr. Walcott despatched his twenty-ninth brace." As we speak of a horse being "full of running," it may perhaps be said that Mr. Walcott was full of eating, and worked his way through his birds in a manner that gratified his numerous backers. He despatched the first bird of his twenty-ninth brace in four minutes forty seconds (about a fair amateur pace for a mile race), while his second bird was managed in four minutes twenty seconds—a capital record. The *New York Evening Post* hopes that this interesting match "will not be followed by those unpleasant suggestions of fraud which have so often marred the harmony that ought to prevail among sporting men when an event is over." We gather that Mr. Walcott is an amateur, not a professional quail-eater, and it is disagreeable to learn that amateurs can be accused of fraud. The match is described as "a great triumph for the cause of temperance." It is probable that, since a remarkable incident in the wanderings of the Children of Israel, no one has eaten so many quails as Mr. Walcott.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS," from the Picture by Edward Douglas, in the GRAPHIC EXHIBITION of ANIMAL PAINTINGS, 148, New Bond Street, W. This is the first of a Series of COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS to be issued with this Journal.

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### THE MUMBLES LIFEBOAT DISASTER

DURING the terrible gale of the 27th ult. the master of the Prussian barque *Admiral Prinz Adalbert* found himself in a position of great danger. The steam-tug *Flying Scud* came to him, and asked 500*l.* for towing the barque into a place of safety. He agreed at once; but his two tow-ropes broke, and she then left the barque to her fate on the rocks. A rescue of the crew was then attempted by the Mumbles lifeboat; but the boat was capsized, and eight of the crew lost their lives. Four of the men who were lost were brothers, and their father was badly injured. He also lost a son-in-law. The crew of the *Prinz Adalbert* were all saved, with the exception of the carpenter. A heroic act was performed by Jessie Ace, daughter of the Mumbles Lighthouse keeper. She and her sister, Mrs. Wright, improvised a rope out of their shawls, which they threw to a drowning seaman. It proved, however, too short, whereupon Jessie Ace jumped into the waves and succeeded in rescuing him.—Our engraving is from a sketch and photograph by Henry A. Chapman, 235, High Street, Swansea.

### ARABI IN EXILE

We have already described the chief incidents of Arabi Pasha's voyage to Ceylon in the *Marcelis*, and now give some illustrations of his landing at Colombo, from sketches by Mr. John L. K. Van Dort. The *Marcelis* arrived on the 10th ult., but certain police arrangements having to be made, Arabi and his companions were not permitted to land until the following day before 11 A.M. "The Mahomedans of Colombo," writes Mr. Van Dort, "contrary to general expectation, did not make any demonstration, and beyond evincing a natural curiosity to see their co-religionists and the man who had created so much excitement in the world, they conducted themselves in an eminently orderly and peaceable manner." There was, however, a dense crowd to witness the landing, while some of the more impatient spirits hired boats and rowed to the side of the vessel. Ali Fehmy and his family were the first to land, and being at once placed into a carriage were driven off to the house selected for their future residence, Braybrooke Lodge. Mahomed Samy and Mahomed Fehmy were the next, and were taken to Struan House; and then came Arabi himself, with Toulba and Abdel Sahmy. The excitement now reached its highest pitch, the Ceylon *Observer* tells us, and it was with difficulty that the crowd was kept from rushing on to the jetty in their eagerness to obtain a glimpse of Arabi. On landing the party were received by Major Tranchell. While being conducted to their carriages Arabi and his companions were profoundly saluted by the crowd, and very courteously and repeatedly bowed their acknowledgments. Their appointed residence was Lake House. This, as may be seen in our illustration, is a spacious long two-storey building, standing in extensive park-like grounds. The clump of palms on the left of the house is a cocoa-nut plantation; the bushes on the right are mangoes; while the tall trees on the right of the picture are firs. The last personage to land was Yacoub Samy and his family, to whom Haarlem House had been allotted. Of our remaining sketches, No. 1 represents the scene immediately before the landing. The jetty on the left was kept clear by the police for the landing. The steam-launch on the right is bringing Arabi from the *Marcelis*. Sketch No. 3 represents an incident immediately after the landing, when Arabi kissed the hand of a Mollah who had salaamed to him. No. 4 is a passing sketch of Arabi leaving the jetty to enter his carriage. Toulba Pasha is behind him. In No. 5 is shown a party of Egyptian ladies landing on the jetty; and lastly, No. 6 depicts Arabi's reception on reaching the shore. Arabi is said to appear perfectly reconciled to his lot, and according to the reporter of the *Times of Ceylon*, he intends to study English, and to have his children, even the girls, educated at the English school. On it being pointed out that the Christian religion was taught at such institutions, he declared that he and his colleagues were quite willing that their daughters should be instructed in Christianity, which was itself a good thing, and as their children were well grounded in the Koran, it was impossible they could become Christians at heart, for God was good, and they fully relied on the virtues and power of the Koran to keep their children in the true faith—but "educated they must and should be." Arabi and his companions are by no means restricted to Colombo for a residence, and it is uncertain whether they will remain in the town or prefer to take up their quarters further inland.

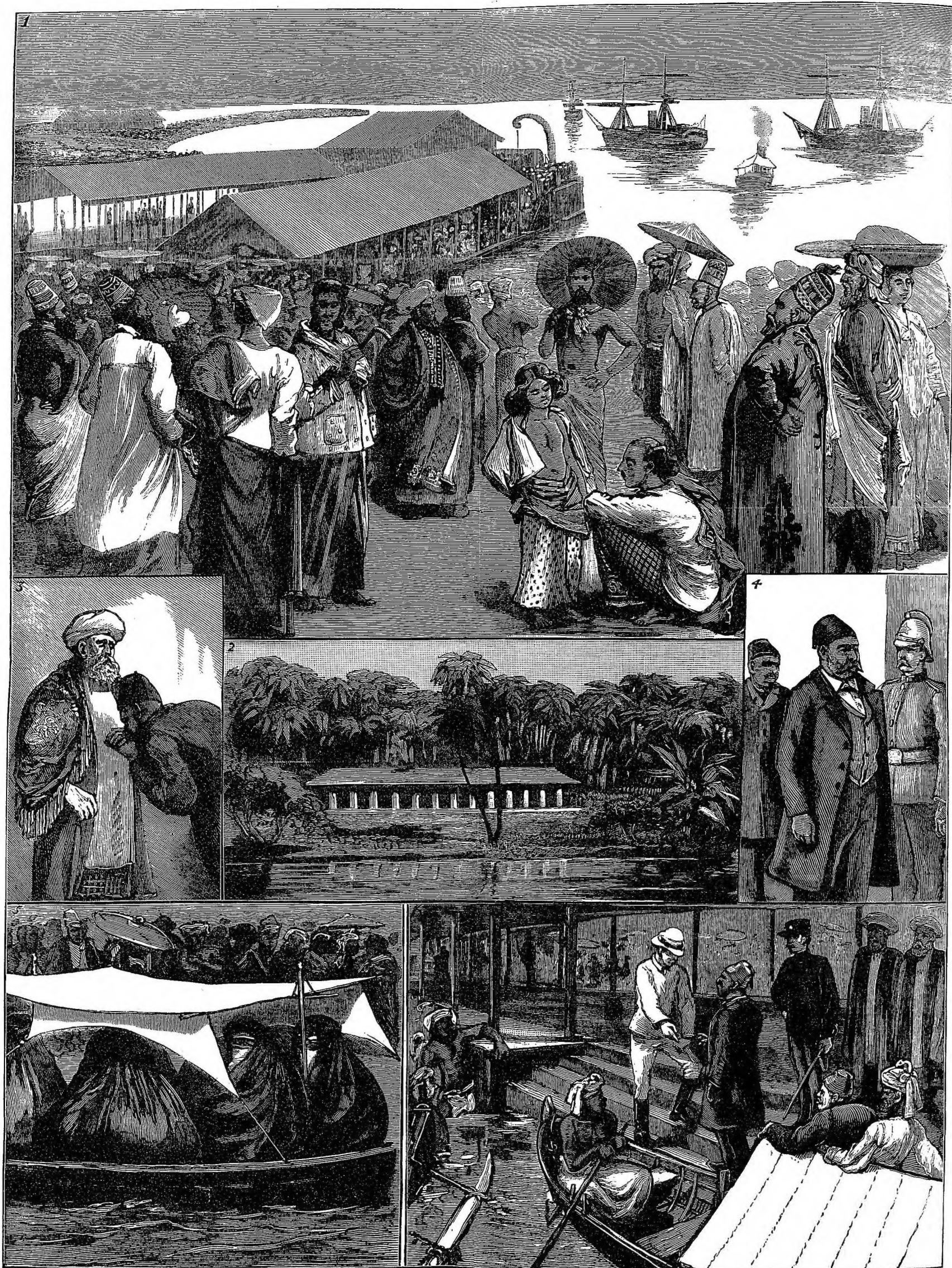
### YEOMEN OF THE QUEEN'S BODY GUARD

EVER since the infamous attempt of Guy Fawkes to blow up the assembled Lords and Commons by means of gunpowder, it has been the custom every year, on the day of the meeting of Parliament, for search to be made in the basement of the Houses of Parliament, lest any unlawful person or substance should be hidden there. Fawkes's conspiracy was followed by nearly three centuries of domestic tranquillity, and the search had come to be regarded as a piece of ancient and picturesque formality, performed, as it is, by a dozen members of the Yeomen of the Guard (known to the vulgar as Beefeaters) in their ornamental Tudor costumes. Unfortunately, for some years past, and certainly at the present time, the examination has regained some of its olden significance. There are modern conspirators amongst us as truculent and cold-blooded as Guy Fawkes. No atrocity is too villainous for them, and they have powerful allies in explosive substances which were unknown in the days of James the First. The search being concluded, the Yeomen proceed to partake of refreshments at the establishment of Messrs. Bellamy, Parliament Street, and on these occasions they drink the health of the Queen and of the firm.

### THE WRECK OF THE "KENMURE CASTLE"

OF the many sad stories which have come to us of the recent terrible gales, there is none sadder than that of the sufferings endured by the survivors of the *Kenmure Castle*, which foundered on the 2nd inst. in the Bay of Biscay. This vessel, which belonged to the Castle Line of steamers, and was commanded by Captain Barrett, left London on January 23rd for Hong Kong. On entering the Bay of Biscay she encountered a heavy south-westerly gale, which destroyed her steering gear; while on the 1st inst. the saloon was crushed in, and during the night was completely carried away. The lady passengers were taken by the officers into the engine-room for safety; and, as they were merely in their night dresses, some men's clothing was supplied to them. At ten the next morning one of the passengers came down and told them that they must get into the boats. Accordingly a boat was safely launched, thanks to a large can of oil which being poured overboard smoothed the water, the occupants being eight passengers—namely, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Mann and her three daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Horrocks, Mr. Holness, the second officer, Mr. Higgins, the third officer, and a crew of seven Chinamen. Scarcely had the boat put off when the vessel went down, carrying with it the second lifeboat, which was being got ready by the chief officer, the captain remaining to the last on the bridge, smoking a cigar, and waving his hand to Mr. Holness, saying, "Good bye, Good bye." Mr. Holness, knowing that they were 160 miles from





1. Arabi and his Companions Coming Ashore in a Steam Launch from the "Mareotis;" Mahomedans Waiting to Welcome the Exiles.—2. Lake House, Colombo, Arabi's Residence.—  
3. Arabi Kissing the Hand of a Mollah or Priest who had Salaamed to Him on His Landing.—4. Arabi and Toulba Passing from the Jetty to their Carriage.—  
5. A Party of the Egyptian Women.—6. The Chief of the Ceylon Police Receiving Arabi on His Landing.

ARABI IN EXILE—THE ARRIVAL AT COLOMBO, CEYLON





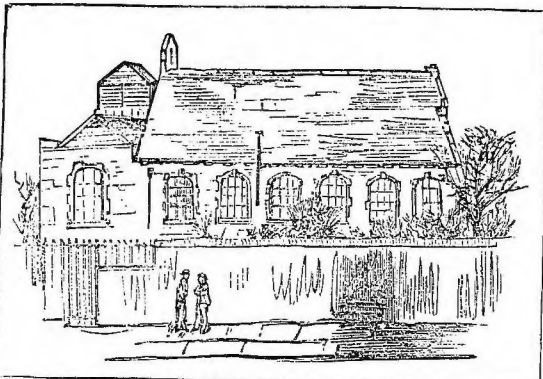
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—YEOMEN OF HER MAJESTY'S BODY-GUARD DRINKING THE QUEEN'S HEALTH AFTER SEARCHING THE BASEMENT OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT



land, endeavoured to steer for the track of outward and homeward bound ships; but none were sighted that day. He tried his best to keep up a brave heart amongst his crew, and asked the ladies to sing "Pull for the Shore, Boys," and "A Life on the Ocean Wave." There were no provisions in the boat, and not even a drop of water; and Mrs. Mann, in her touching narrative published in the *Daily Telegraph*, relates how "I remembered reading that flannel was a good thing to chew in order to assuage thirst, our suffering from this cause becoming very great. Mr. Horrocks found a piece, which we divided into fragments about 1½ inches square, and this we sucked. Our tongues were very much swollen, and we felt thirst more than hunger. . . . After we had been in the boat a little time Mr. Holness was washed into the sea, but was ultimately rescued by means of an oar which Mr. Henry threw overboard." On the morning of the second day (3rd inst.) the third officer went out of his mind and jumped overboard twice, being rescued the first time, but subsequently drowned. The ladies were still in their night-dresses, with coats and trousers, bare-headed and bare-footed, one having no covering whatever over her legs. The Chinamen were well clothed, and provided with ample oilskins; but, despite the threats of the officer, one and all refused to part with a single article for the ladies, saying "No, me catchee cold." Moreover, Mr. Holness states they wanted to alter the course of the course of the boat, and narrowly escaped mutiny. Mrs. Henry had a brown shawl, which in her account she states "was used as a signal flag. . . . During the whole time the water was being baled out of the boat, and I laid down on a worsted petticoat and stopped a leak." On the third day the ladies were sinking fast; and Mr. Holness describes the cries of the poor ladies who were suffering from cold and privation as "piteous;" though Mrs. Mann writes:—"My little girl sang, 'Eternal Father, strong to save,' and cried, 'I am sure we shall be saved, mamma; I am sure there will be a ship coming soon.' We did, indeed, sight two or three vessels and one steamer, and saw the people on deck; but they did not appear to see us. Finally (on the Saturday evening, fifty-five hours after leaving the ship), we were sighted by the French steamer *Montataire*, of La Rochelle, after being in the boat three days and two nights. . . . The ladies were all handed up as soon as possible, and the second mate left the cutter last. In less than five minutes the tables were covered with eatables and hot tea and wine; but we could not take anything except a little water. We were there from Sunday until Wednesday morning, when we landed at Boulogne."—Our engraving is from information kindly furnished to our artist by Mr. James Holness, the second officer of the *Kenmare Castle*.

#### THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN

THE investigation of the plot for the murder of Crown officials was resumed on the 15th inst. at Kilmainham, when the Court was again crowded to excess, even the seats usually allotted to the Bar being stormed by eager ticket-holders. E. M'Caffrey, a clean-shaven, determined-looking man, was the only new comer among the seven in the dock, and was unhesitatingly identified by the farmer Cahill as one of the four occupants of the car which had nearly run over him on the 6th of May, though at that time he wore a beard. Other witnesses corroborated previous evidence as to the position of the cab and car and of the group under the clump of trees; and the bicyclist, Meagle, swore that he had seen three men attack Mr. Burke, and a fourth pursue and bring down his companion. This fourth he was at first inclined to identify with Fagan, but on second thoughts refused to speak positively. Brady, the stout man, was one of the assailants of Mr. Burke. He could swear to him "out of a thousand." The sitting magistrates now decided that the next hearing should take place with closed doors; but in spite of this a sufficient number of tickets was issued to the privileged to fill the Court House, though by no means inconveniently. The officials who have attended every hearing were again present as spectators, and in the dock was the full number of twenty-two prisoners, the new arrests supplying the vacancies caused by the acceptance of some as witnesses for the Crown. The absence of James Carey had scarcely been noted by the spectators



St. Mark's Church, Great Brunswick Street, where Mr. Forster was to be killed. The whole Gang waited here on four successive nights to "Remove" Mr. Forster.

When that gentleman advanced with a jaunty step towards the witness-table and took his seat in the witness-chair. His evidence, by far the most important which has yet been given, was received with hisses by his late associates, eliciting from him once the sarcastic retort, "Ah! you were all trying to forestall me." The "Irish Invincibles," according to this new witness, were formed in November, 1881, of select men from the Fenian ranks, but as a separate organisation—not to exceed 250 members altogether—for "the overthrow of tyranny" by the assassination of tyrants. A Mr. Walsh, who brought 50¢ with him from London, was its founder, and Carey, James Mullett, Dan Curley, and E. M'Caffrey the four chiefs of the Dublin "Directory." Mr. P. J. Sheridan, of "Kilmainham Treaty" fame, then travelling in the disguise of a Catholic priest, was introduced by Mr. Walsh a little later, and from him Carey professes to have learned that similar organisations were to be established in the provinces, and men like Clifford Lloyd marked out for "removal." Frank Byrne, the Secretary of the Land Corporation of Great Britain, is described by Carey as another of his acquaintance, and a woman whom he believed to be Mrs. Byrne twice brought him consignments of knives and cartridges and a Winchester rifle fastened to a string about her neck. He had himself suggested knives as surer and less noisy weapons. Last of all there came from England a mysterious, gentleman, known only as "No. 1," who seemed to possess unlimited credit, and told the Directory they could have 1,000¢ if necessary, and did on three occasions give Carey money, two sums of 20¢ each and one of 40¢, all in English bank notes. Mr. Forster, and after him Earl Cowper, were to have been the two first victims. The former had escaped half-a-dozen times, once by the failure of a scout (Henry Rowles) to give the signal, once again, when his cab was to have been stopped, by the accidental presence of some mounted police, and once by sleeping in the boat at Kingstown, instead of coming on to Dublin. On the last occasion of his leaving Ireland from ten to fifteen armed men of the gang had waited for him four successive nights near St. Mark's Church, Great Brunswick Street, and had even gone

on to the railway platform, but had seen only Mrs. Forster and a young lady. "Had the Chief Secretary been there he would not be living now." After the resignation of Mr. Forster it was decided to "remove" Mr. Burke, and Joseph Smith, who had been often employed about the Castle as a workman, and knew the Under Secretary well, was taken into the band to help them in making sure of their man. The murder, in describing which Mr. Carey



The Royal Oak Tavern, where the Assassins Met on the 5th May (Evening of the Park Murders), and where they had previously waited to Kill Mr. Forster.

showed some little emotion, was narrated much as it had been told by Kavanagh, and as the witness professed to have heard it from Brady, by whom and by Tim Kelly alone the atrocious crime is said to have been committed. Lord F. Cavendish would not have been killed had he not irritated the assassin Brady by striking at him in defence of his friend. The knives employed were broken to bits, and the handles burnt, by direction of "No. 1" to witness, though he himself (he added, smilingly) would have kept them as "national relics," or sent them to the Exhibition of Irish Industries. At the close of the day all the prisoners (except Whelan, against whom there is another charge of treason-felony for the unlawful storing of arms and explosives) were identified by Carey as members of the organisation. The cross-examination of the approver on Monday added little of interest, and on Tuesday the formal reading of the lengthy depositions was got over, and the twenty-one prisoners committed for trial. Whelan was admitted to bail, himself in 50¢, with two sureties of 25¢ each, to answer any charge the Crown might prefer against him; and Joseph Smith was also excepted from the rest, though he will possibly prefer, it was significantly added, to remain in custody for the present. The prisoners were cheered by the mob, and a very bitter feeling prevails against Carey, who is generally considered, even on his own showing, one of the worst of the confederacy. At a meeting held at Howth the Government were freely blamed for accepting his evidence. His wife and children are only saved, it is said, from molestation by the police and the marines, and his house tenants improve the occasion by declining to pay any rent. Mrs. Byrne, the wife of Frank Byrne, at present believed to be in Paris, but until the last day or two staying at the Hotel des Pins in Cannes, was arrested at Peckham, and conveyed to Dublin, where Carey failed to identify her as the bearer of the knives and revolvers. Carey himself is now at Rosemount with the other witnesses who require protection. Many, however, who were not approvers are going about their business as usual.

#### NOTES AT THE WAR EXHIBITION

THE "War Exhibition," which is now being held at Humphreys' Hall, Knightsbridge, in aid of the Egyptian War Fund, is an interesting collection of trophies and weapons not only relating to the recent Egyptian campaign, but also in a lesser degree to the wars in Afghanistan and Zululand. The exhibits, which are lent by the Prince of Wales, the War Office, Lords Wolseley and Alcester, the Duke of Teck, and the officers and men of the various services, are exceedingly varied, ranging from Arabi's tent captured at Tel-el-Kebir, and a sacred Dervish tent taken at Mahsarah, down to a loaf which forms a forty-eight hours' bread ration of the Egyptian soldier and a pair of Bedouin slippers. There are Nordenfeldt guns as used on the ironclad train, an English ambulance wagon fitted up with all kinds of comforts for the sick and wounded, and two historical shells. One of them came through the port side of the *Alexandra*, and was extinguished by the gunner, Mr. Harding, seizing it and placing it into a pail of water (a gallant action which gained him the Victoria Cross), and the other, entering the same ship, passed through the Captain's cabin and finally landed in the Admiral's cabin underneath a portrait of the Princess of Wales, to whom the missiles have been presented by Lord Alcester. Arabi's pistols—curious flint-lock weapons—are shown, and also Arabi and Toulba's swords, delivered up to General Drury Lowe, when they surrendered at Cairo, while a noteworthy weapon is a sword with which Trooper George Browning, of the Second Life Guards, cut an Egyptian soldier in two by a terrific blow across the stomach. Another exhibit of interest is the photograph of the Testament which we recently illustrated, and which saved the life of Private William Roome, of the Highland Light Infantry, at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, by changing the direction of a bullet. There are two living exhibits, one an Egyptian donkey captured by Trumpeter E. Duff, R.A., at Tel-el-Kebir (and labelled at the Exhibition "Arabi's Donkey"), and a poodle dog from Ismailia. Turning to other campaigns, there are dice and daggers from Afghanistan, a double-edged sword from Abyssinia, Zulu snuff-boxes and war shields, and the diary of an officer killed at Insalwhana, supposed to have been Lieut. Bruce, Natal Native Contingent, and to whose heirs the present owner, Quartermaster W. Pike, A.H.C., is most anxious to restore it. One word as to the aim of the Exhibition, the Egyptian War Fund. Its objects are to afford immediate assistance to the families of those killed on a scale which, though temporary and small, may yet prevent much suffering, and to render such permanent assistance to the families of the killed or to disabled men by either direct aid to the sufferers, or grants of money to cognate institutions, as may seem best.

#### THE WATERLOO CUP

See page 199

#### "THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS"

WE have already noticed *The Graphic* Exhibition of Animal Paintings, which consists of a collection of pictures painted by the best-known animal artists as a commission from the proprietors of this journal. Each artist was requested to choose his own subject, and to render it as characteristically as possible. This week we publish the first of a series of coloured reproductions of their paintings, "Throw Physic to the Dogs," by Edwin Douglas. Here is depicted one of those fashionable pets—a pug—a great aristocrat in her own opinion, and evidently, to judge by the coronetted cloth on which she is sitting, an important member

of an aristocratic household. Dido, however, is in great trouble; she has fared too well of the good things of her master's table, and, with rare good sense, her mistress has consented to the veterinary surgeon. There poor Dido meets with no dainties, flavoured with a draught of some horrid concoction which brings tears to her eyes. No feather cushion is provided for her siesta, and only her thin cape shields her tender skin from the bare stones. A week of this treatment, however, will work a wondrous change in the invalid. She will no longer turn up her nose at the hardest crust, will leap about with the utmost agility, when before she seemed only able to crawl with obese languidity. Her handsome points will no longer be hidden by ungainly rolls of fat, and she will return home as joyous and light-hearted as the gout-afflicted epicurean who, as good Mr. Barlow relates, in "Sandford and Merton," was cured of his malady by even more drastic measures.

#### "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall, is continued on page 205.

#### IN COLOMBO HARBOUR—"FOR THE SHORE"

"AFTER very bad weather both in the Bay of Biscay and in the Mediterranean, we have just arrived, on board a British Indian steamer, in the harbour of Colombo. Here we have to disembark, go ashore, with a mountain of luggage, to a hotel, and wait there for another steamer, which is not expected for a week.

"The time has come for us to troop down to the lower deck. Here there is a Babel-like din, arising from the boat's crew, who, in an elaborate state of undress, are jabbering at the tops of their voices, and hurling packing-cases, portmanteaus, chairs, gun-cases, &c., &c., into the boat, which rocks and tosses to and fro in the heavy swell below. The bull-terrier, his temper being much tried by noise and heat, has just bitten a boatman in the leg, probably unaware that it was a leg, as he had never seen brown legs before.

"It is a great deal too rough to use the ladder, for we ladies could never manage to jump from it into the tossing boat, so the chair is brought and slung ready for us to go down the ship's side.

"I clasp the rope tightly, and look braver than I feel. I seem to be going down into the waves, for the boat lurches from underneath, and I dangle over the green water. And, oh! how hot the sun is! Two kindly male friends are standing up with great difficulty in the rolling boat, endeavouring to steady the chair.

"Another huge wave, and consequently another huge lurch of the boat, frantic efforts on the part of the Englishmen, fearful yells from all the natives, until at last I am dragged in, tumbled in, one may say, over all kinds of luggage, thankful to get out of the chair, and crawl under the tattered awning to watch the operation repeated for the rest of the party."

Our engraving is from a sketch by Miss H. Baker.

#### TURTLE-CATCHING AT ASCENSION ISLAND

THE barren island of Ascension is noted for its turtles. They grow to an immense size there, sometimes weighing as much as 400 lbs. One of our sketches represents the sandy beach to which the females repair for the purpose of laying their eggs. It is while thus engaged that they are captured. As the turtles are required either for shipment home or for consumption on the island they are hauled out of the tank by coloured sailors, who slip ropes round their fore-fins. They are then hoisted up by means of the triangle shown in our third sketch, and placed upon a truck which runs on iron rails (Sketch 1). In this manner they are transferred to the quay for shipment, or to the slaughter-houses if required for consumption. At high tide the sea-water flows through a self-closing aperture in the sea-wall into the tanks in which the turtles are placed after being caught. Sketch 4 represents one of the big turtles (weighing nearly 400 lbs.) as it lay on the quay ready for shipment.—Our engravings are from sketches by the Hon. Frank Colborne, 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, and were taken by him when H.M.S. *Tamar* touched at Ascension Island during her homeward passage from Natal. The *Tamar* took on board thirty-two turtle, several of which were consumed during the voyage home. At Ascension Island itself, turtle of average size are issued once a week as rations for the day for the whole of the station, numbering about 200 people.

#### FROM THE CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK, VENICE

UP and up, by steep winding gradations, without a step the whole of the way, until the wide covered platform is reached at the summit of the Campanile of St. Mark. What a panorama is spread out before the eye!—a full compensation for the toilsome ascent. East, west, north, and south, for miles, the lagoons stretch away, with islets rising fairy-like from the still, pellucid waters, which take every hue of opaline and sapphire from sky and air. They look unreal at all times, and are beautiful under every change of tide or weather.

Looking eastward is Murano, where most of the fragile Venetian glass is made. Beyond is Burano, whose inhabitants are so conservative as to retain a dialect differing from that of their neighbours. The women make the rich artistic Venetian lace, almost worth its weight in gold. Then comes Torcello, at one time the most famous of all the isles; peopled in remote times, and covered with palaces, churches, bridges, and canals. Now it is a desolation; even the ruins of these important buildings are undiscoverable. Southward you see the well-marked intricate Channel of Malamocco, by which ships from all parts of the world enter the City of Waters. The nearest island, St. Severo, has melancholy associations, for it is the home of the poor mad people. In the far distance is Pellestrina, where another colony of lace-makers work a less costly kind than their sisters of Burano; and Chioggia, the only island in the whole lagoon that has a natural communication with *terra firma*.

Again, to the west, are the famous Euganean Hills, clustered together like so many giant hillocks. When the setting sun sinks behind them, they don a golden mantle, and are at their loveliest. The tiny Isle of St. Giorgio in Alga—called so from the quantity of weed growing on its low shores—possessed a monastery, which, with a valuable library, was destroyed by fire in 1716. It is now deserted. As you turn to the north, the great range of the Tyrol Alps and snow-capped Antelas rise against the sky. The picture across the breadth of shallow waters, over church towers and varied coloured roofs and walls of Venetian houses, has a repose and charm unique and unequalled.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Atkinson Armstrong; the foregoing description is by Miss Martha Johnston.

LONDON MORTALITY again declined last week, and 1,525 deaths were registered against 1,631 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 106, being 422 below the average, and at the rate of 20.1 per 1,000. There were 3 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 1), 20 from measles (a decline of 9), 29 from scarlet fever (a fall of 4), 14 from diphtheria, 35 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 7), 2 from typhus fever, 23 from enteric fever (a rise of 3), 5 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 1), 1 from cholera, and 401 from diseases of the respiratory organs, an increase of 11, but being 185 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 62 deaths, 55 were the result of accident or negligence. There were 2,732 births registered, against 2,888 during the previous week, being 51 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 42.9 deg., and 4.1 deg. above the average.





MR. GLADSTONE'S STAY AT CANNES will not, we hear, be cut short by any recent event at home. Despite the inclemency of the weather, the Premier generally contrives to take his daily walk, and may now—so his secretary writes to the secretary of the Midlothian Liberal Association—"be considered to be quite well again. It is only to ensure the permanency of the restoration that he is remaining abroad at the instance of his colleagues." Orders were lately issued that the guard on duty at the Chateau Scott should be doubled, and a strict watch maintained during the night.

THE DANUBIAN CONFERENCE met again on Tuesday at the Foreign Office, when neither Roumania nor Bulgaria was represented. Servia alone has apparently acquiesced in the unanimous decision of the greater Powers that the two minor Danubian kingdoms must be satisfied with a consultative voice in the proceedings. According to the Central News, M. Barrère's proposal for a mixed Commission for the regulation of the river from the Iron Gates to Galatz was finally approved. On this Commission Austria, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Servia will have permanent seats; the other powers will have one representative only, who will be appointed in rotation every six months. The present European Commission for the navigation below Galatz will not be interfered with, nor will Servia have a seat in it.

"EVERYTHING," says a *Times* telegram from Cairo, "tends to show a marked improvement in the health of our troops;" though this must not be expected to continue, as in a month the khamsen will begin to blow, and Cairo will be unhealthy till October. The proof of "this marked improvement" is the hospital returns for the 16th inst., which show that there were at that date in hospital 977 officers and men out of a total force of 11,199. It will be interesting to see how the figures stand after the khamsen has been blowing for three weeks.

THE MALAGASY ENVOYS sailed for America in the steamer *Spain* on Tuesday. They were accompanied by Colonel Robinson, United States Consul for Madagascar. The Envoys will afterwards return to England, and from thence will probably proceed to Germany. They paid a farewell visit to Earl Granville on the 16th.

THE DEMAND of the Sheriff for the immediate deposit of 250*l.* to meet the returning officer's expenses has caused the abrupt retirement of Mr. Copland, the labour candidate for Newcastle. Between Mr. Morley and Mr. Gainsford Bruce the contest threatens to be very severe, and it is rumoured that Mr. Clarke, M.P., and Sir R. Peel will come down to assist the Conservative in his canvass. The Irish vote, 2,000 strong, will be given, it is said, to Mr. Bruce. The poll will be on Saturday.

SEVEN MORE OF THE COUNTY LIMERICK FOX HOUNDS died on Friday last from eating poisoned food while drawing a covert, the fox also, of which they were in search, falling a victim to the same unsportsmanlike foul play. Since the commencement of the season the master, Captain Gubbins, has lost in this manner twenty-two hounds.

THE IRISH MILITIA is to be called out this year for the usual period of twenty-seven days.

WRECKS, FIRES, AND FLOODS, though the latter have in most places begun to subside, again chequer the chronicle of the week. At New Radford, a populous district of Nottingham, a mother and four young children lost their lives by a fire which broke out in the house of a lace-manufacturer. The husband, who had run down to give the alarm, found it impossible to reascend the stairs. At Lanark a mill belonging to Messrs. Somerville and Birkmyre has been destroyed by fire, causing a loss of 20,000*l.*; at Holywell the Upper Mill of the Welsh Flannel Company has been burned down, with an estimated damage of 15,000*l.*; and at Stratford, St. Phillip's Mission Church has met the same fate, only the outer walls remaining erect. Off Arran, at the entrance of the Firth of Clyde, the steamer *Strathdee*, bound for Dublin with coals, was run into and sunk by the *Buenos Ayres*, from New York, and the whole of the crew (eleven persons) drowned, with the exception of one fireman. In Somersetshire fifty people have been rendered homeless through the floods caused by the bursting of the Baltimore Embankment; and on the Wye the last train from Swansea to London had the narrowest of escapes, the embankment at Symond's Vat Station slipping into the river just after it had passed, carrying about eighty yards of the packing under the rails with it in its fall. On the Atlantic the cattle steamers, *Scandinavian* and *Quebec*, lost nearly all their cargo of sheep and oxen. The latter vessel was out fifty days, on a passage usually performed by her in twelve or thirteen.

FROM THE EDDYSTONE comes a tale of suffering unparalleled, we imagine, in the recent history of that famous lighthouse. For more than eight weeks the furious gales have cut off all communication with the mainland; fuel and provisions both ran short; and the lighthouse-keepers, with only a few biscuits left, were forced to fall back upon their store of colza oil, and to warm themselves by the flame of their own lamps. When relief came at last they had been reduced to so weak a condition they could scarcely speak.

AN ETON MASTER writes to the *St. James's Gazette* to deny the existence of any outbreak of scarlet fever at the College. There have been two cases in one of the boarding houses, in consequence of which twenty-four of the thirty-seven pupils were allowed to go home on leave, and altogether there have been this half four cases of scarlet fever among the boys and seven among the children and servants of the masters and the townspeople—eleven cases in a population of 4,500. The boys were sent home from two of the boarding-houses five days ago in consequence of the floods—the highest known since 1852.

A FEELING OF RESISTANCE to the School Board rates is beginning to make itself felt in the metropolitan Vestries. At Camberwell, last week, it was decided to strike out the School Board precept for 24,353*l.* as a protest against extravagant expenditure, and leave the Board to collect their own rates. Children, it was alleged, were now sent to Board Schools whose parents could well afford to pay for their education. At Bermondsey, on Monday night, the Chairman, himself a member of the economical party on the School Board, advised the Vestry to follow the example of Camberwell. The rate next year would probably be 9*d.* in the pound, and the Board were now considering a proposal to buy a plot in Drury Lane for a playground at an outlay of 12,000*l.*

THE TENANTS ON THE MACDONALD ESTATES IN SKYE have come to an amicable arrangement with their landlords, by which slight yearly reductions will be made in their rent, until at the termination of the present lease the disputed grazing land can be restored to them. The three crofters brought to Edinburgh for breach of interdict have been ordered by the Court of Session to find bail in 100*l.* each to appear at any future sitting to answer the charges made against them, leave being granted them at the same time to lodge answers in their defence.

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE visited the Stourton Town Theatre last week to receive a memorial, signed by 1,500 inhabitants, praying him to withdraw the veto against dramatic performances there during Term time. In reply the Vice-Chancellor declared that the recent resolution of the Heads

of houses had been misinterpreted, and that he should be happy to grant leave from time to time for such performances, even during Term. A similar answer has also been returned by him to the memorial forwarded by Mr. Redfern, the lessee of the Theatre Royal, Cambridge.

TEN ALBERT MEDALS, four of the first, and six of the second class, awarded by the Queen for the gallantry displayed by the explorers in the fatal explosions at Baxterley Colliery last May, were distributed by Lord Leigh on Monday last to the ten brave volunteers in the Corn Exchange at Atherstone. "Each volunteer," said Mr. Pell, M.P., "knew that he was going to almost certain death." "Such deeds do not appeal to the imagination like those which earn the Victoria Cross, but in the mining districts they are known and appreciated at their full value."

TWO POLLS UPON THE QUESTION OF SUNDAY CLOSING have been taken this week at Brighton and at Rugby. In the former town out of 15,000 householders 5,000 refused to vote at all; of the rest 7,869 were in favour of the change, and 1,252 opposed to it, while 755 were neutral. At Rugby out of 2,200 there were 1,138 "ayes" and only 114 "noes"—the remainder apparently being neutral.

AT A MEETING of the Committee of the Exhibition and Loan Collection of Irish Lace, in the Venetian Parlour at the Mansion House, a letter was read from Sir Henry Ponsonby, conveying the Queen's consent to be patron of the Exhibition. The Princess of Wales, the Princess Beatrice, and the Duchesses of Connaught and Albany and Teck will also become patrons. Ladies and tradespeople desirous of exhibiting are requested to communicate with the hon. secretary of the Committee.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE ALHAMBRA COMPANY have made financial arrangements which will enable building operations to commence at once. The new theatre is to cost 27,000*l.*, and will, it is hoped, be completed before Christmas. The lease of the site has still twenty-eight years to run.

THE YORKSHIRE MINERS' SCHEME for the restriction of the output has received a serious check in the opposition of the South Wales and Monmouth colliers, who produce about a sixth of the total quantity raised throughout the country. As the movement must fail, even on the men's own showing, unless carried out in every coal-producing district, it would seem that the real object of the agitation, even in Yorkshire, is to prevent the apprehended withdrawal of the ten per cent. advance conceded a month or two ago.

IT IS RUMOURED THAT LORD RIPON'S SERVICES IN INDIA will be rewarded at the expiration of his term of office by the offer of a dukedom.



THE TURF.—Things continue pretty quiet, and the revival of "cross-country work," such as it is, at Sandown Park this week, has failed to put much life into it. Many old stagers, equine as well as human, put in an appearance on the "Esher pastures," and some four-legged novices were also conspicuous. Sunnybrae was but little fancied by the Cardinal's Hurdle Race; but he won easily enough with Mr. D. Thirlwell in the saddle. Contortionist took the Open Hunters' Steeplechase on the first day; Keepaway, with Mr. Coventry up, being second. Woodcock, who does not seem to get stale by keeping, added yet another winning bracket to his name by beating eight others in a Selling Hurdle Race; and Azuline proved the certainty he seemed to be in the Maiden Hunters' Hurdle Race. On the second day Athlaca, who seems hardly able to lose a race, won the Hunters' Hurdles; and Thornfield scored again for Mr. L. de Rothschild in the Wolsey Steeplechase. The Sandown Grand Prize (hurdle race) produced only a poor field in quantity and quality, only eight out of fifty entered coming to the post. Theorist and Moidore were made favourites, but Zeus, almost the greatest outsider of the party, won, beating Sibyl after a splendid struggle by three-quarters of a length. In the market for future events Macheath continues to advance in favour both for the Two Thousand and Derby, and for the latter Lord Falmouth's Prince Maurice made his first appearance at 50 to 1 in the price list of last Monday, Sulphur has supplanted Lowland Chief as first favourite for the Lincolnshire Handicap, while Foxhall and Sachem have come in for special support for the City and Suburban. For the Grand National there is little to choose between Eau de Vie, Downpatrick, the Scott, Athlaca, and Tame Fox, for favouritism. Mohican is said to have fallen lame.

COURSING.—Some remarks on public coursing at Altcar, and also on the modern system in enclosed grounds, will be found in another column. The Waterloo Cup will not be decided till after we have gone to press, and therefore it must suffice to note that at the time of writing the results of the first two rounds are rather more favourable to favourites than they have generally been of late years, Snowflight, Waterford, Spic-and-Span, and Witchery being left in the last eighteen. Hornpipe, however, went down in the first round, and Strawberry Girl in the second.

FOOTBALL.—The competitors for the Association Cup have been still further reduced by the defeats of Brentwood by Oxford University, and of the Clapham Rovers by the Old Carthusians. As many as 10,000 spectators were present on Saturday last at the Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham, to witness the annual Association match between their hardware town and London. A splendid game resulted in the victory of Birmingham by three goals to one. At the Oval the City and West End clubs of London, represented by picked men from each, have played an Association match which, after a capital game, ended in a draw; also in Association games Oxford University has beaten Aston Villa, Birmingham; and Blackburn Olympic, Sheffield Heeley. In Rugby matches Scotland has beaten Ireland, and Middlesex played a "draw" with Somerset.

CRICKET.—News from Australia tells us that the Hon. Ivo Bligh's party has been beaten by a strong team representing "All Australia," but mostly composed of Murdoch's old team. England is represented as having got 460, while Australia obtained 461 for six wickets.

LACROSSE.—Rock Ferry has beaten Liverpool, and Sale and Ashton combined have beaten Stockport.

SWIMMING.—The six days' swimming match between W. Beckwith and Captain Webb at the Westminster Aquarium on Monday last was suspended on Tuesday afternoon, owing to the latter having been attacked by congestion of the lungs.

ATHLETICS.—A great gathering took place at Hendon last Saturday to witness the contest for the North of the Thames Cross-Country Championship (bipeds). This was the first competition of this kind in the North of London, and was well supported, no less than sixty-three runners, belonging to different clubs, starting. The representatives of the Finchley Club took first honours, and Highbury was next, but Mr. G. A. Dunning, of the Isledon Club, who gate was next, won the gold medal by having returned to his best form, won the gold medal by coming in first of all the competitors.—The Northern Counties' Championship was also contested on Saturday, at Manchester, the Liverpool Harriers winning, Cullen, one of their representatives,

gaining for them the additional honour of coming in first of fifty-nine runners. The Cheshire Tally-Ho Club was second. The run was one of about ten miles on the Manchester race-course ground.

AQUATICS.—The Oxford crew seem to be doing better than the Cambridge, and the quoted odds of about 2 to 1 on them fairly represents the opinion formed by critics on their prospects. It must not, however, be supposed that there is anything like a public market on the race, which this year will be rowed on the Thursday before Holy Week. We are reminded of its proximity by the fact that the Oxford crew will have left their own waters and taken up their temporary residence at Maidenhead before the end of this week.



A DRAMA ON M. GAMBETTA'S LIFE is now being played at an Amsterdam Theatre. The piece proper is in four acts, with a prologue in two scenes, "Gambetta's First Love."

JUMBO is not yet forgotten by his youthful British admirers, for cakes, sweets, and various dainties are constantly being sent to him by children in England. Certainly his new home thoroughly suits Jumbo's constitution, as he has grown seven inches since his arrival in the States.

THE SAVAGE CLUB.—At the *soirée* of this Club on Wednesday evening, the Prince of Wales being present, an album was presented to His Royal Highness, containing portraits of himself and of other members of the Club. These portraits were taken by Mr. Vanderweyde, of 182, Regent Street, who is also a "Savage."

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY opened its 57th Annual Exhibition on Saturday. The collection is decidedly above the average of recent years, and contains some excellent work, as it is especially rich in Scottish landscape, and well represents the native school. Many pictures familiar to London are also hung, notably Sir F. Leighton's "Phryne." Altogether 1,118 works are exhibited—796 oil-paintings, 288 water-colour and architectural drawings, and 34 pieces of sculpture.

A FRESH SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION UNDER PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD is being planned in Christiania at the instance of Dr. Oscar Dickson of Gothenburg, who so energetically promoted and assisted the *Vega* expedition. The present journey, however, would be only on a limited scale, merely a trip to Greenland to search for the remains of the old Eastern settlement, Osterbygd, a Norse colony of 190 villages whose members were completely decimated by the Black Plague of the fourteenth century. Not a trace of the inhabitants could be found when Greenland was visited after the epidemic. The expedition would start in May.

"THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1882."—Messrs. Beckmann Bros., of Cow Cross Street, have recently published a large chromolithograph, in thirty-eight colours, of the House of Commons, in which appear portraits of 349 Members of Parliament. A capital view of the House is provided, and the portraits are generally good, but, perhaps from necessity, the view being taken from a part of the House furthest removed from the Speaker, the faces of less eminent persons are given rather large, and those of statesmen on the front benches on each side of the House small, which is rather a disadvantage. The chromo reproduces a painting by Mr. F. Sargent.

A FRESH SKELETON has been found at Pompeii in a garden on the south side of the buried city near the forum, on which is the Trajic Theatre. The garden, the Naples correspondent of the *American Register* tells us, still shows the furrows left by the gardener, and the little hillocks in which the seeds were planted over 1,800 years ago. This unfortunate skeleton had apparently locked up his treasures, and was fleeing towards the Stabian Gate as the nearest by which he could reach the open country, but was smitten down still clinging to his keys. The wave of mud rolled over him, his hand relaxed, and after 1,800 years he is found with his hand unclasped, and the keys a few inches from his prostrate body. Round his waist was the sash which all Romans wore with their flowing robes, and which they girded up when entering into active work.

THE EXCAVATIONS CARRIED OUT BY THE NEWLY-FORMED EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND AT TEL-EL-MAHUTA have already produced a valuable find. This mound, well-known in the late campaign, is about midway between Ismailia and Tel-el-Kebir, and was believed to mark the site of the city of Rameses, for the building of which the Hebrews were compelled by their Egyptian taskmasters to make bricks with stubble of their own gathering, so that researches have lately been actively going on there under the direction of M. Naville, the Swiss Egyptologist, and Professor Maspero. Now an inscription has been unearthed proving Mahuta to be the Pithom and Succoth of the Bible, Pithom being the sacred name descriptive of the Temple, and Succoth the civil appellation. Pithom is mentioned in Exodus i. 11 as one of the two treasure cities built for Pharaoh during the oppression, the other being Rameses, and Succoth was the first station in the march of the Exodus when the Israelites started from Rameses (Exodus xii. 37). Thus this discovery furnishes a fixed point in the route of the Exodus, this being one of the chief objects of the excavations, which are further intended to unearth inscriptions to identify the Pharaoh of Moses, and to assign a dynastic date to the period of the oppression. All Biblical students ought to assist these researches, whose expenses are at present borne by the President of the Society, Sir Erasmus Wilson.

ART CIRCLES IN PARIS are unusually active just at present, for while the fashionable world is busy visiting the host of small exhibitions now open, artists in general are grumbling at having to send in their works for the Salon much earlier than usual—i.e., between March 5 and 15—and the Fine Art authorities are putting their house in order for the season by alterations in the various State galleries. The chief improvements are at the Louvre, where three new rooms will shortly be inaugurated, the most important of these being the Thiers Museum, which will contain the late President's bequests to the nation, including a splendid collection of water-colour copies of foreign *chef d'œuvres*. Then one of the halls of the colonnade is being fitted up in the Assyrian style to contain specimens of Assyrian and Egyptian sculpture and architecture, while the Salle des États is being entirely remodelled for the reception of the majority of the paintings belonging to the French school. Several important national canvases, such as the "Retour des Croisés" and David's "Sacré de Napoléon I.," would be brought here from Versailles, and this would thus become a second Salon Carré. Returning to the picture exhibitions, most interest is just now taken in that of the "Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs" in the Palais de l'Industrie—a new society, formed to allow feminine artists a better chance than in miscellaneous exhibitions, and which intends to hold annual displays. So far the experiment is eminently successful. Considerable talent is shown in many of the works, and the whole collection is arranged with great taste, the rooms being brightened with flowers and beautiful hangings. There are nearly 200 works, but the ladies come off best in the paintings, the sculpture showing a lack of vigour, while some of the contributions are very amateurish. Another highly interesting display is held by the Cercle de l'Union Artistique, where most of the prominent Parisian painters contribute. The landscapes are especially fine, but here also the sculpture is mediocre. Further, the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs will open a six weeks' exhibition on April 15.





THE LOSS OF THE S.S. "KENMURE CASTLE"—THE SURVIVORS SIGHTING THE FRENCH STEAMER "MONTATAIRE," FEBRUARY 4, 1883

FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MR. JAMES HOLNESS, THE SECOND OFFICER OF THE "KENMURE CASTLE"

"I felt the exposure to the cold very much. The Chinese were very well clad, but would not give up anything. I had a large brown shawl, but it was used for a signal flag, and all I had except my night dress was a pair of the captain's trousers. We had nothing on our heads or feet. Mr. Harrocks and Mr. Henry had their trousers and shirts, for they had stripped when baling water out of the ship. When thirst became very great I began to chew pieces of my fannel vest. During the whole time water was being baled out of the boat, and I lay down on a worsted petticoat and stopped a leak."—From the Narrative of Mrs. HENRY, one of the Survivors. Published in the "Daily Telegraph" of February 14.





FRANCE has succeeded in finding a Premier, M. Grévy having finally induced M. Jules Ferry to accept the arduous task of attempting to evolve order out of the seemingly hopeless political chaos which has prevailed during the last few weeks. M. Ferry, however, did not consent until the much-discussed Proscription Bill had been disposed of—at least for some time to come. To take up the thread of events, the Chamber declined to accept the Bill as returned by the Senate last week, and once more changed its form, sending it again to the Upper House transformed into the Barbey proposition, which authorised the Executive to expel all Pretenders, and prohibited the latter from returning by a penalty of five years' imprisonment. The Senators, however, remained firm to their colours, and threw out the measure by a majority of five votes. Thereupon the Ministers at once went to M. Grévy, and definitively resigned, and the President, summoning M. Jules Ferry, requested him to form a new Cabinet. This has proved no easy task, and has been a work of some time, for since the death of M. Gambetta the various Republican sections have divided off into definitive parties, each as politically opposed to each other as to the Imperialists or Royalists. Thus there are the Radical Left, the Republican Union, which was the real Gambettist section, the Democratic Union, which may be termed the Centre Party, and the Right. Taken altogether, these sections number some 500 Deputies, but the largest group—that of the Centre—can only muster 180, so that the difficulty of forming a Cabinet which shall command a Republican majority can easily be conceived, particularly as such a majority must be substantial, for the Imperialists and Monarchists are always ready to join the malcontents against the existing Government.

Now M. Jules Ferry properly belongs to the Centre, and has endeavoured to conciliate the Gambettist section by selecting M. Waldeck-Rousseau—who, it may be remembered, served in the short-lived Ministry of M. Gambetta as Minister of the Interior—M. Martin Feuillée as Minister of Justice, and M. Raynal as Minister of Public Works, while M. Challemeil-Lacour, who is noted for his animosity to the Orleanist Princes, is the new Foreign Minister. General Thibaudin is also maintained as War Minister, while MM. Tirard (Finance), Hérisson (Commerce), and Cochery (Posts and Telegraphs) were members of the late Cabinet. M. Charles Brun, the new Marine Minister, is a naval engineer by profession; and M. Meline (Agriculture) is chiefly known for his Protectionist sympathies. Unfortunately the mere appointment of a few members of a group to Ministerial portfolios does not alone secure the adhesion of that section, which has in view various measures the acceptance of which is the condition on which the members afford their support to the Ministry. For instance, the Republican Union is bent on the dismissal of the Orleanist Princes from the Army, and the Premier will thus in all probability be compelled to inaugurate his *régime* with an arbitrary act, which the great moderate-thinking class of his countrymen will pronounce to be utterly unjust. The action of the Senate in throwing out the Proscription Bill has excited far less recrimination than had been expected, and there is little doubt but that the general opinion of the country is that the Princes—who have done nothing whatever to warrant this outcry against them—should be left in peace. Moreover, to oblige the Republican Union, there are other political measures to be brought forward which will offend the Republican Centre, and thus M. Ferry will find himself threatened on both sides with defections. In fact, in the present condition of parties in the Chamber, any stable Government, save by a miracle, seems impossible, and it is generally considered that, after a short trial, M. Jules Ferry will have to resort to a dissolution, and an appeal to the country, if it really desires to continue the Republic, to elect at least one party who shall command a homogeneous majority, and thus enable the ordinary business of the nation to be carried on.

Other prominent topics have been the summoning before the Council of State of fourteen Bishops, who have promulgated a decree of the Congregation of the Index against certain treatises on civic education, without having first obtained permission of the Government, and the everlasting De Brazza controversy. M. Paul Bert, in a singular speech, has represented this explorer as gaining the friendship of the natives; whereas Mr. Stanley, "by his exactions and bad treatment, turned them against him." Considering that the former is returning with a French war vessel and a formidable equipment, while the latter has gone back single-handed, this statement may be pronounced somewhat illogical. The Madagascar difficulty also continues to excite considerable comment. It is now announced that the French flag is flying on the north-west coast of that island, and that the natives are in so dangerous a state of irritation that the Prime Minister at Tamatave has begged the foreign residents not to venture into the interior, where they would run a certain risk of being attacked. The only noteworthy items from PARIS are the death of the Duchesse de Chaulnes, whose suit with her mother-in-law, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, with regard to the custody of her children recently excited so much controversy; and the announcement that the Municipal Committee, who have been considering the best plan for an underground railway, will shortly deliver their report. This has been long and eagerly expected, as the means of public locomotion in Paris are now wholly insufficient, while the increasing number of vehicles threaten to choke the more narrow thoroughfares. The scheme recommended provides for two great lines which will cross each other, the one running along the central boulevards, and the other along the Boulevards Magenta and St. Michel, and thence to the extreme limits of the city. The fare throughout will be four sous, and *bona fide* working-men are to travel for half that sum.

In EGYPT matters continue to be satisfactory. The recruiting for the new army having given rise to various complaints, it is now conducted under the supervision of British officers, and Sir Evelyn Wood investigates, and where necessary redresses, every grievance. Last week he inspected 3,000 men, and praised their appearance, which indeed has surprised the European officers, for they learn as much in twenty days as the ordinary Britisher in three months. The International Indemnity Commission has now got to work, and has divided itself into four sections. Of these three will examine and report upon all claims up to 200*l.*, and the fourth will devote itself to the question of landed property. It is hoped that the preliminary examination will be finished in a month, and that the Commission will conclude its labours in six weeks. There is to be no appeal from the Commissioners' decision, and while indirect losses are to be excluded, claims are to be considered for loss of jewellery, plate, and works of art, if their existence can be established by written documents. Proprietors of crops stored or ready for threshing, and of buildings, will also be indemnified. The Egyptian Government are understood to be quite willing to pay claims up to the sum of 3,500,000*l.*, which sum will probably be raised by means of a Special Loan. Talking of finance, the Credit Foncier Egyptien is henceforward to be a State establishment, under the direction of Sir A. Colvin. The advantage of this to the peasantry will be very great, as the fellahen will thus be enabled to borrow practically from the State small sums of money at moderate interest, instead of from grasping and extortionate money-lenders at usurious

rates. The news from the Soudan is better, as, though Obeid surrendered to the Mahdi on the 17th ult., Colonel Stewart reports that Khartoum is in no danger, and that serious dissensions exist amongst the Mahdi's followers.

The trial of the murderers of Professor Palmer and his party has resulted in the condemnation of five out of the thirteen prisoners to death, of one man to fifteen years' imprisonment, of another to ten, and of four to three years, while the Governor of Nakhil is sentenced to a year's imprisonment and dismissal from the Government service. Five more Arabs, on the evidence already given, have been condemned to death when they arrive from the Desert.

The death and funeral of Herr Wagner have almost monopolised the attention of GERMANY. The body of the great composer was brought from Venice to Bayreuth on Saturday, and was received on the way at Munich by the King's Aide-de-Camp, who presented a huge laurel wreath. All the artists of Munich, carrying lighted torches, and deputations from numerous choral societies had also assembled, and on the arrival of the train Beethoven's Funeral March was played. The train reached Bayreuth late in the evening, and was received with great ceremony by the Burgomaster and all the notabilities of the little town. Next day the funeral took place, the orations being delivered in the square of the railway station, where the body was placed upon a platform, the Funeral March from *Siegfried* being played amid an enormous crowd of mourners from every part of Germany and Austria. The Burgomaster, Herr Muncker, made a touching speech, declaring that the greatest city might envy Bayreuth her greatest citizen, "who had himself been the object of much malicious envy, and the cause of much contention in his life, but was now victorious in his death." Herr Feustel, the Deputy to the Reichstag, next followed in a similar strain, and then the funeral procession started, and wended its way through the black-draped streets to the Villa Wahnfried—Wagner's residence—where the body was laid after a brief religious service in the mausoleum which the composer had constructed in his garden. "I never beheld," writes the *Times* correspondent, "such a child-like display of unaffected grief. It is on such occasions that the German nature displays an effusive and touching simplicity that quite astonishes an Anglo-Saxon observer. To-day I saw men whose names are as household words in the artistic world of Europe sobbing and embracing each other in sympathetic sorrow before the bier of the man who was simply adored by them when he lived as the greatest practitioner of their art, and who now that he is dead seems doubly great in their eyes." The King of Bavaria has undertaken the education of Wagner's son Siegfried, and has paid a midnight private visit to the composer's tomb, remaining for a quarter of an hour alone in the sepulchre.

Considerable interest has been aroused in ITALY by the publication of the two letters addressed by the Pope to the Emperor of Germany, one of which preceded and the other replied to the Emperor's letter of December 22nd. In the first the Pope expresses great gratification at the pacific sentiments expressed in the Imperial Speech from the Throne, and declares that from the time he entered the Pontificate the generous sentiments of the Emperor had led him to hope for the restoration of religious peace—a hope strengthened by the re-establishment at the Vatican of the Prussian Legation. His Holiness then asks that Prussian legislation in ecclesiastical matters might be relaxed and definitively amended, at least in regard to the points essential to the maintenance of the Catholic religion. "This would be the sole means of bringing about a real and lasting peace." In the second letter, dated January 30, the Pope writes that the Emperor's reply confirms his hope of witnessing a termination of the conflict, since His Majesty appears disposed to accede to the revision of existing legislation. He accordingly announces that he has instructed the Prussian Bishops to notify the Government of the selection of new curates without awaiting the revision of the laws now in force. He asks in return that measures might be taken (in addition to the foreshadowed revision) to mitigate the regulations impeding the exercise of ecclesiastical duties and the training of the clergy. The feeling in Germany, however, that any satisfactory arrangement will be made between the Empire and the Vatican is far from sanguine.

The preparations for the coronation of the Czar are now engrossing RUSSIA. All the various municipalities and local bodies are voting large sums of money for the presentation on silver and gold platters of the traditional bread and salt at the ceremony, while at Moscow the most stupendous arrangements are being made. Enormous triumphal arches are being erected, at one of which there will be an orchestra of 1,000, and a choir of 8,000, for whom Rubinstein is to be asked to write a march. Huge theatres are also being built, where, in addition to the entertainment, a gratis pass will be provided for the restaurants. Of these there will be eighty-five, and 900,000 pies are being prepared for the occasion, to be washed down by 640,000 bottles of beer—an arrangement, by the way, which does not content the national Moujik, who patriotically prefers the Muscovite fiery vodka to the mild-flavoured Teutonic lager. Presents are also to be distributed to the populace, and the Kremlin will be illuminated, *a giorno*, with electric lamps, while popular *fêtes* on a large scale are being organised. A new Imperial manifesto is expected, which will promise the peasantry loans on easy terms to enable them to purchase and improve the land they now merely cultivate.

The Senate of the UNITED STATES have passed the new Tariff Bill by 42 votes to 19. It has now been sent down to the Lower House, where the Protectionist interest is much stronger, and endless filibustering is to be expected. The reduction in the various duties proposed by the Bill will amount to 5,000,000*l.* The floods continue the foremost topic. The waters are fortunately now falling, but the greatest distress prevails in the inundated districts, and at Cincinnati at least 50,000 persons have been driven from their homes. The heavy rains have also caused a terrible mining accident at Braidwood, Illinois, where a shaft fell in, and seventy men perished. Another disaster is reported from New York, where an alarm of fire in the German Catholic School caused a panic amongst the children, sixteen of whom were killed.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS much alarm has been excited in AUSTRIA by the announcement that England intended to support Russia's request for the whole and sole control of the Kilian mouth of the Danube, and it is pointed out that this channel can be so improved that the other mouths will be affected, and Russia will secure the only practical outlet to the Black Sea.—In TURKEY the Italian Ambassador has demanded satisfaction for an outrage on the Italian Consulate in Tripoli. Another vexed question is the dispute about the Montenegrin frontier, which appears to be as far from settled as ever, serious disturbances being reported from the frontier districts.—In INDIA the determination of the Government to bring in the Bill endowing native judges with jurisdiction over Europeans is exciting the strongest popular opposition on all sides, the measure being looked upon as most detrimental to British interests. The Bheel rising appears now to be at an end.—From SOUTH AFRICA we hear that John Dunn has protested to Lord Granville against the new settlement of Zululand. On the other hand Cetewayo, the correspondent of the *Times* states, persists in his assertion that all the country is to be restored to him, and when he is told that the people in the Reserved Territory must pay taxes to the Government, he replies, "Shepstone said I should never be restored: yet here I am."—In the FIJI ISLANDS the ex-King Thakombau has died, and in the SANDWICH ISLANDS King Kalakaua and Queen Kapiolani have been crowned.



THE chief members of the Royal Family assembled at Windsor Castle at the end of last week to be present at the christening of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The ceremony took place in the Private Chapel, where the Queen herself gave the baby to the Bishop of London, and acted as godmother, while the other sponsors were the Empress of Germany, the Dukes of Cambridge and Edinburgh, Princess Henry of the Netherlands, and Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, the two last being the Duchess of Connaught's eldest sister and only brother. The child was named Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert. After the ceremony the Royal party lunched in the Oak Room, and the remaining guests in the Waterloo Gallery, the baby's health being drunk by both gatherings. Saturday was the Duchess of Albany's twenty-second birthday, and as the Duchess is now staying with the Queen she was serenaded by the band of the Coldstream Guards, while a small dinner-party was given in the evening. During the day Her Majesty received Earl Sydney, who presented the Address from the House of Lords in reply to the Royal Speech. Next morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, and the Duke of Albany attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, when the Dean of Windsor officiated, and in the evening the Dean joined the Royal party at dinner. On Monday Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice were present at the funeral of Colour-Sergeant Maye, of the Coldstream Guards, who was recently seized with fatal illness when on his way to the Castle to mount the Palace Guard. The Royal party witnessed the ceremony from a position near the chapel in the Spital Cemetery, and Her Majesty presented a wreath to be laid on the coffin. In the evening Colonel Ewart dined with the Queen, and on Tuesday Her Majesty gave audience to the Judge-Advocate-General. On Wednesday the Queen gave an audience to Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday attended a special meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum; and subsequently accompanied the Princess to the private view of Mr. Whistler's Exhibition of Etchings and Dry Points of Venetian scenes. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar arrived at Marlborough House in the afternoon on a visit; and in the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince Edward went to an amateur performance at St. George's Hall, given by the members of the German Athenæum in aid of the sufferers from the recent Rhine floods in Germany. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, with their three daughters, attended Divine Service, and Prince Leiningen lunched at Marlborough House. Next day the Prince of Wales held a Levée at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen, and in the evening accompanied the Princess to St. James's Theatre. Tuesday was the sixteenth birthday of Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess, and was observed with the usual honours of bell-ringing and Royal salutes, while the band of the Scots Guards played in the courtyard of St. James's Palace adjoining Marlborough House. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar left Marlborough House for Portsmouth, while the Prince of Wales inspected Mr. Pownall Williams's collection of sketches and drawings of the Riviera. On Wednesday the Prince of Wales presided at a meeting of the Dean Wellesley Memorial Committee, and in the evening was present at Mr. Melton Prior's lecture at the Savage Club on the recent Egyptian Campaign.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have gone to Mentone for a short time for the Duchess's health before proceeding to Germany. They left town on Sunday night, crossed to Calais, where they supped at the railway station, and went on to Paris. On Monday they lunched with Lord Lyons before starting for the South. They will not return before the end of March; and their two children remain, in the meantime, with the Queen at Windsor.—Princess Louise, during her visit to Bermuda, is staying at "Inglewood"—a house in very extensive grounds on an elevated plateau, about half-a-mile east of the town. The front windows command a fine view of the Great Sound.



THE NEW ARCHBISHOP has signified his intention of holding a Levée on the day following his enthronement in the Cathedral Library at two P.M. The list for tickets to the ceremony will be kept open till March 10. Over five hundred clergy of the diocese have already signified their intention of attending in surplice and hood. Seats, if possible, will be reserved for them at the east end of the presbytery. The grand evening service, when Dr. Benson will deliver his first Address as Primate, will be open to the general public. He has appointed the Warden of Keble College one of his Chaplains.

SPECIAL FORMS OF PRAYER FOR FINE WEATHER have been issued by the Archbishop of York to the Archdeacons in his Diocese to be used on some week-day in Lent; and in the Diocese of Salisbury last Sunday was generally observed, by direction of Dr. Moberly, as a day of prayer and special sermons on the same subject. The Bishop of Lincoln has also sent out a letter to his clergy, suggesting that a day of "humiliation and intercessory prayer" should be set apart in every parish, in the week beginning March 4th.

THE REV. C. T. TAUNTON, Vicar of St. John's, Harlow, Essex, has been committed to take his trial at the assizes for unlawfully obstructing the burial of Mrs. Hannah Graves, a Baptist, by locking the churchyard gates on the day of her funeral.

A MEMORIAL on the subject of the great injury done to public buildings in Westminster, and notably to the Abbey, by failure to enforce the provisions of the Smoke Nuisances Act of 1853 and 1858, has been forwarded to the Home Secretary by the Duke of Westminster. Instead of the penalties which these Acts empower magistrates to inflict, mere nominal fines ranging from half-a-crown to ten shillings are imposed even in cases where convictions have been obtained before.

THE SUBJECT this year of the Kaye Prize at Cambridge is "St. Chrysostom as an Interpreter of Holy Scripture." The prize is given every fourth year to a graduate of not more than ten years' standing for the best essay on some question of ecclesiastical history or criticism, and the successful candidate is required to print and publish it at his own expense.

THE BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF LLANDAFF was formally elected by the Dean and Chapter on Tuesday. His consecration will probably take place on the 25th of April, with that of the new Bishops of Truro and Tasmania, and his enthronement in Llandaff Cathedral in May.

THE SALVATION ARMY has received permission to hold services in Canton Vaud: and on Sunday last there was a meeting of



Genevan Salvationists, under Colonel Clibborn, on French territory, close to the frontier. The Council of State of Geneva has replied to the protest of the British Consul, in respect of the expulsion of Miss Charlesworth, that all complaints must be forwarded to the Federal Council through the British Legation at Berne. Meanwhile, Miss Charlesworth has written a glib account of her harsh treatment—"a lamb among wolves"—by severe officials, with "unsaved-looking faces," which rather suggests that the wolf is not far wrong for once in accusing the lamb of troubling the waters; and her father, a London clergyman, has addressed a letter to the papers, describing his daughter as an excitable, religious-minded girl of fifteen, whose presence in Switzerland is altogether against his wish. Some time ago Mr. Charlesworth was an implicit believer in Mr. Booth, and allowed his child to attend the Army meetings, but before long he had cause to fear that her religious excitement had grown beyond control, and that "the Army influence had a direct tendency to wean converts from home associations under the idea that its work is paramount even to the known wishes of parents." He permitted her to accompany Miss Booth to Paris as a middle course, but stipulated that "she was not to become an officer of the Army or wear their uniform." Mr. Booth himself, who has appealed to Lord Granville on the matter, distinctly denies that "we either had or proposed to have any open-air meetings or processions in Geneva. In India we have been allowed processions with music and singing in Calcutta, Delhi, Lucknow, and other cities. In Bombay alone have the authorities refused us permission to do that which is permitted to natives of all religions in that city." A Reuter's telegram from Berne informs us that the Federal Council will decline to entertain the protests forwarded through the British Minister, Mr. Adams.

IN CLERKENWELL a summons against three members of "the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army" for beating a drum and singing loudly outside a house in which a woman was lying ill, has been dismissed on the ground that the defendants were not "street musicians."

THE THIRD SYNOD of the Church of the Province of South Africa was opened at Cape Town on the 25th of January. The burning question of the dispute with the Privy Council has not yet been discussed, but there are signs of a desire to escape an absolute breach by accepting a Council of Reference at home as ultimate Court of Appeal—the Council to consist of the Primate, three Bishops, and four lay assessors.



## THEATRES

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD appeared at a morning performance at the OLYMPIC Theatre on Saturday last in a version of the old musical drama of *Guy Mannering*, which, for the convenience of this lady, has been shorn of its fine songs and choruses, and endowed with the new name of *Meg Merrilies*. The play is a melodrama of a somewhat old-fashioned class; but it has some claims to better treatment than the maiming and mutilating process which has been found needful in order to convert it into what in the technical language of the theatre is known as a "one-character play." It was the work of the experienced playwright, Terry, and was playfully described by Sir Walter Scott as an example of "the art of Terryfying," though there is good evidence that the illustrious novelist actively co-operated with the adaptor in putting his novel on the stage. His correspondence, as Lockhart remarks, shows that the pretty song of "The Lullaby" was not his only contribution to it; and the same good authority is of opinion that he had even "taken the trouble to modify the plot, and rearrange for stage purposes a considerable part of the original dialogue." *Guy Mannering*, enriched by Sir Henry Bishop's music, was brought out at DRURY LANE Theatre in March, 1816, with the famous singer, Miss Stephens, afterwards the Countess of Essex, in the part of Lucy Bertram, and with Liston in the character of Dominie Sampson, the fine tenor Sinclair playing Henry Bertram, and the celebrated Emery Dandie Dinmont. Hazlitt, in the columns of the *Examiner*, spoke well of the play, and observed that the scenes between Miss Stephens, Miss Matthews, and Mr. Abbott in their respective characters of Lucy Bertram, Julia Mannering, and Colonel Mannering, possessed "a high degree of elegance and interest." What the piece may have been under these conditions, audiences at the Olympic can only darkly guess. Miss Ward, intent only on making effective the character of the gipsy woman—as the change of title sufficiently indicates—has not only omitted the music and much of the text, but has distributed the other characters in a haphazard fashion—forgetting, as it would seem, that the finest of impersonations must depend in a great degree for its interest upon its relations with the other characters, and the intrinsic interest of the story. Partly for these reasons, and partly by reason of a lack of that artistic sense which enables a performer to awaken sympathy with a character in itself repulsive, Miss Ward's *Meg Merrilies* yielded but little pleasure to the audience. The actress is at great pains to make herself terrible to behold, and so far is successful; but her harsh tones, abrupt manner, and portentous attitudes proved, to tell the truth, a little tiresome. This afternoon the play is to be repeated, in conjunction with a revival of Mr. Charles Reade's one act-drama, *Nance Oldfield*.

Mr. Edgar Bruce's company will give morning performances of *The Colonel at the Gaiety* in April and May.

Miss Lingard, an English lady who has won her reputation as an actress in the United States and the Colonies, made her first appearance on Tuesday afternoon at the Gaiety Theatre in the part of the heroine in *Camille*, an American version of *La Dame aux Camélias*. Miss Lingard has a cultivated style, and, though a little wanting in true pathos, she made altogether a very favourable impression.

It has at length been decided that Mr. Irving's first appearance in the United States will be at the GERMANIA Theatre in New York. Accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and the rest of the Lyceum company, he will leave England early in October, the opening night being fixed for the 29th of that month.

The LYCEUM will, we believe, close about the middle of August, to reopen, however, on the 1st of September, when the celebrated American actress, Miss Mary Anderson, will appear here in association with other American performers, whose services have been engaged by Mr. Abbey, the manager who is responsible for Mr. Irving's American enterprise.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's new drama, founded on his novel entitled *God and the Man*, is to be brought out at the ADELPHI on the 10th of March.

Mr. Herman Merivale's version of M. Sardon's *Fedora* will precede Mr. Pinero's new play at the HAYMARKET, and will be the next novelty produced at that house. Some curiosity has been felt regarding the cast of a play *prima facie* so little suited to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's company. After some hesitation, it has finally been determined to entrust Mrs. Bernard Beere with the part of the heroine.

Eleven hundred wigs seem a large number. Yet no fewer than these, and all new wigs too, are, we are told, preparing for the LYCEUM company in America. When it is remembered that there is a long list of plays to be performed, and that the "make up," even of supernumeraries, at well-conducted theatres nowadays,

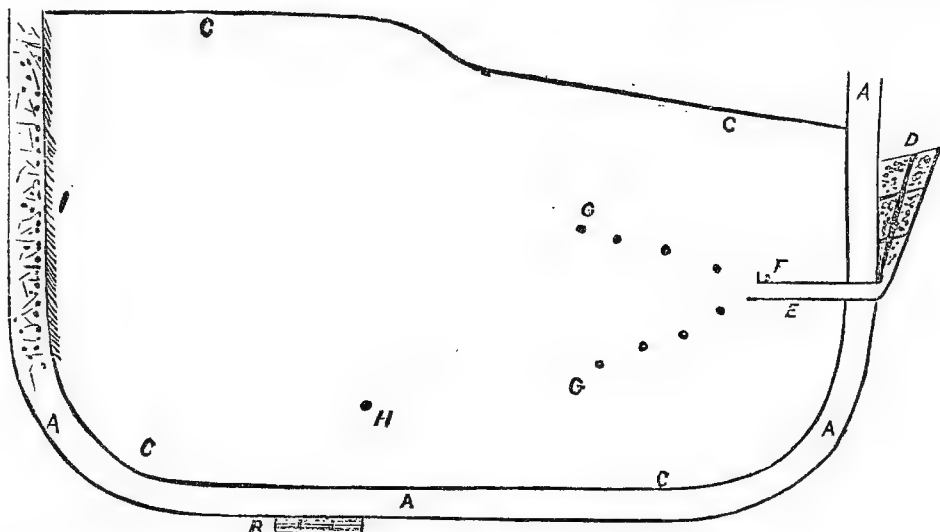
furnishes matter for careful consideration, the statement will seem less astonishing.

The late Mr. Robertson's *M.P.*, which has not been performed since the season of its production by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales's Theatre thirteen years ago, is to be revived by Messrs. T. W. Robertson (son of the author) and Mr. H. Bruce at TOOLE'S Theatre during Mr. Toole's customary autumn provincial tour.

## PUBLIC COURSING AT KEMPTON PARK

It is hardly necessary to say that public coursing differs very much from private coursing, the latter being simply a field sport, followed for its own sake for outdoor exercise, and in accordance with what seems to be an almost human instinct to capture animals *feræ nature*, while the former is for the purpose of deciding between the merits of various greyhounds, and awarding prizes to those which acquit themselves best in the different stakes contested. During the last few years public coursing has undergone considerable modification, or rather has entered on a new phase. For generations it has in its general features as a sport been conducted on similar principles to those of private coursing, at least in the details of finding the quarry by beating the open fields, and giving the dogs the opportunity of catching it, till it escapes into some natural

the ground-plan and the explanation just given, be able to fairly understand the proceedings. Into the merits of "enclosed coursing" as a sport we cannot now fully enter; but certain it is that, under the very able management of Mr. S. H. Hyde, the secretary of the Kempton Park Coursing Club, no charge of cruelty, except that which attaches more or less to all field sports, and is attracting a good deal of public attention in the press and elsewhere just now in connection with pigeon-shooting, can be brought against it. As a matter of fact at Kempton, the great majority of the hares do actually escape, and "live to fight another day;" and one leporine denizen of the Park, well-known by a mark on her back, has escaped the jaws of the dogs and death more than half a dozen times, and probably by this time actually anticipates a pleasurable, though somewhat exciting run after she finds herself "penned." A far greater proportion of hares are killed at public coursing meetings in the "open field," as was witnessed to a few weeks ago on the classic plains of Altcar, and still more emphatically at a recent meeting at Lichfield, where hardly a hare escaped "to tell the tale." Indeed the chief objection to enclosed coursing seems to be that the "trials" are hardly long enough, but the number of "points" scored on an average by the dogs shows that this has no very substantial grounds. The public may, therefore, visit Kempton Park and other "enclosed" meetings without any of those qualms which seem recently to have decided ladies of high rank to withdraw



GROUND PLAN OF COURSING ENCLOSURE

A. The Race Course.—B. The Stands and Lawns.—C. The Boundary Fencing of the Enclosed Ground.—D. The Pens for the Hares.—E. The Alley along which the Hares Run into the Coursing Ground.—F. A Gorsed Hurdle behind which the Slipper is Ready with Dogs.—G. Attendant Keepers to give "Directions" to Hare.—H. The Judge on Horseback.—I. The "Escape" Fence.

covert, or beats them for both speed and stamina. The comparatively modern method introduced in some quarters is to "enlarge" (if this stag-hunting technical term may be used) hares in a coursing ground enclosed with a fencing, which they cannot, or will not, jump over, and with an arrangement at one end whereby they may escape, if they are not killed, before the dogs have in the course worked them up to it and beneath it. This, in a few words, is the system of enclosed coursing recently introduced, and the above ground-plan of the coursing ground at Kempton Park may assist our readers, interested in this matter, somewhat better to understand it, as it is a type of what is generally adopted in this modern development of public coursing. Of course this ground-plan does not pretend to have been "drawn to scale," for, if it had, the object of it would hardly have been gained. The area of the ground is a portion of the Kempton Park estate, which is in all more than 300 acres, and lies opposite the stands and lawns (B), from which a view of the coursing is comfortably enjoyed. It is bounded on three sides by the race-course (A), the rails of which (C) are boarded up for the purpose, and comprises about sixty or seventy acres of sound grass land, its length, roughly speaking, being about half a mile, and its breadth a quarter of a mile, thus forming an irregular parallelogram. It is thus a little larger than some other coursing grounds, such as the fields at Plumpton in Sussex, where "enclosed" coursing has for some time past been established. The top wooden fence, also marked C, joins the race-course rails at each side, and completes the enclosure. At the right-hand corner are the pens (D), into which the hares, which except at coursing meetings lead a very sybaritic and enjoyable life in the Park and its covers, are carefully driven on the first morning of a meeting. The pens, provided with natural and artificial cover of shrubs, long grass, and "wigwags" of bushes, are divided into six compartments, and receive about 150 hares, which are passed on by the keepers, under the direction of the head keeper, from the larger to the smaller through openings in the division-fences, only the one to be coursed being passed into the last and smaller compartment on either side previous to the door being opened by a long cord, and her finding herself in the alley (E) of parallel wooden fences, about 150 to 200 yards long and five or six feet broad, leading to the coursing ground. Along this alley she travels, some one outside by sound and gesture accelerating her speed, and then she debouches on the coursing ground, where she finds half a dozen keepers (G) spreading out at each side of the exit from the alley, to give her direction, as it were, towards the further end of the ground. This direction she very soon tries to improve upon, as she becomes aware that the slipper with a brace of dogs, straining hard at the slips, though of course mute, has emerged from behind a gorsed hurdle (F) placed at right angles to the exit from the alley. When she has got the usual "length of slip" up the ground, the slipper releases the dogs and the course begins, which then is "judged" according to the rules of coursing by the judge on horseback (H), who stations himself some way up the ground to see the "run up" (i.e., the course till the dogs reach the hare), and then follows it till the hare is killed or escapes. The escape is made at the end opposite the alley, beneath a line of gorsed hurdles (I), which have a space between their lower bar and the ground of about a foot. Through this the hare can escape, and it is seldom the dogs either attempt to jump the hurdles or creep beneath them; and if they do, they find that they are "unsighted," as the hare has dodged among the small shrubs on the racecourse just outside the gorsed hurdles of the enclosure, or among those placed in a haphazard way on the racecourse, for the very purpose of "unsighting" the dogs; and, as greyhounds never attempt to run by scent, the course is at an end. The judge then gives his decision by waving a red or white pocket-handkerchief, which is responded to by the flag steward waving a flag of one of the colours, or a blue one to signify an undecided course in answer to the judge, who in this event simply takes off his hat in a significant manner; and thus the spectators are officially informed which dog has won. At Kempton no one but the judge, the flag steward, the slipper, the attendant keepers, kennel-keepers, and a mounted policeman (oh, bathos!) is allowed within the enclosure, and so neither dogs nor hare are interfered with in their "trials." We hope our coursing readers who have never witnessed the "enclosed" business may, by the aid of

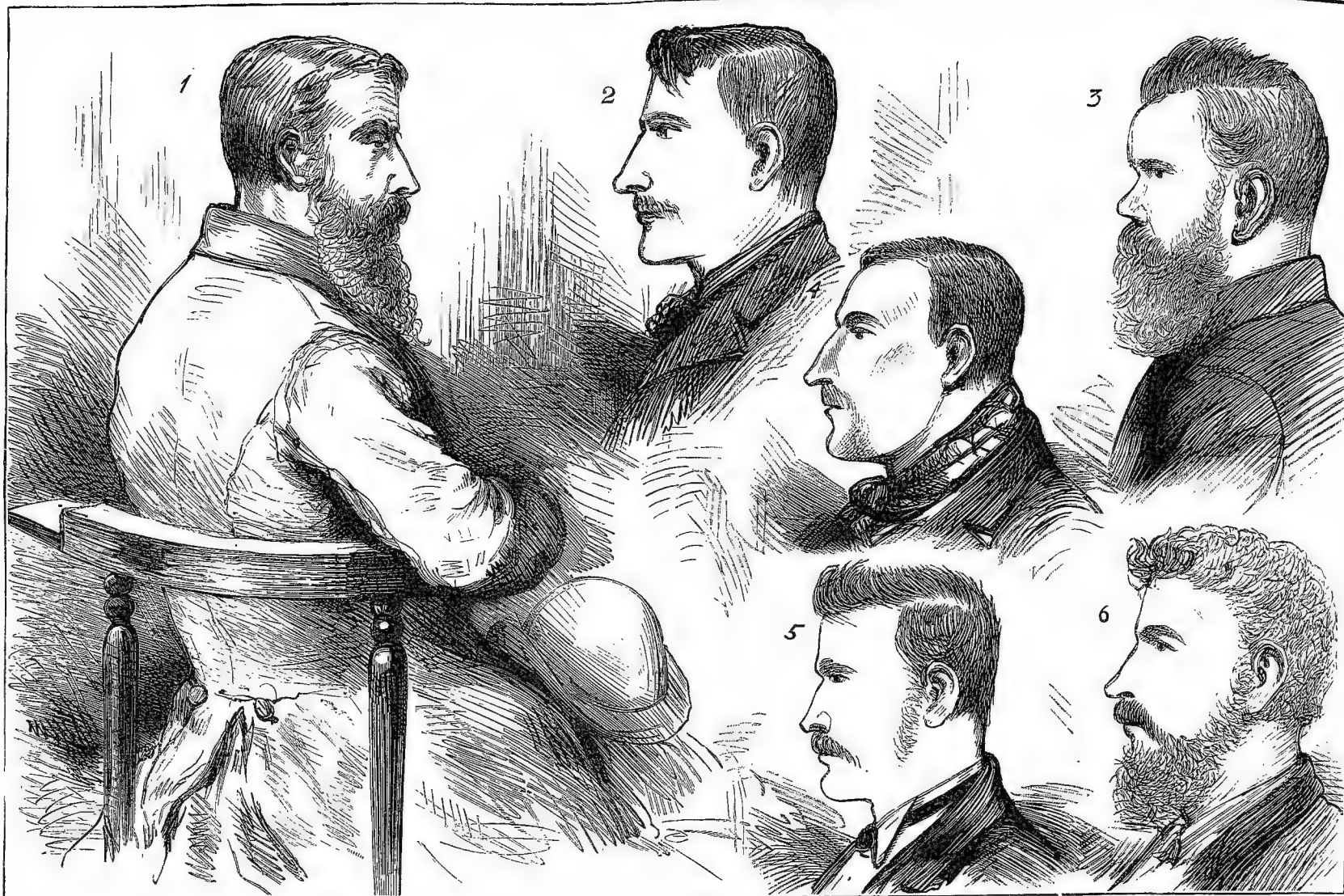
their patronage from pigeon-shooting at fashionable resorts. The late successful meeting at Kempton, where 1,000l. was the money value of the Champion Stakes—the largest sum ever run for in one stake in a public coursing field—has done much to remove the remnant of prejudice against the modern system of enclosed grounds; and its patronage by the staunchest supporters of the sport, and by the *élite* of owners of public greyhounds, has set the seal on its taking a permanent place among our various forms of outdoor sports and pastimes. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, in next week, the public will have another opportunity of seeing coursing at Kempton Park; but, in the meanwhile,

## PUBLIC COURSING AT ALTICAR,

And the decision of the Waterloo Cup, "the blue ribbon of the leash," is, at the time of writing, engaging the attention of a considerable portion of the sporting world. Many thousands have by this time witnessed the familiar scenes and incidents depicted on another page of our journal, and many others associated with the annual "Dog Derby" on the classic but chilly plains of Altcar. Liverpool, and the Adelphi Hotel in particular, are now the headquarters of all the "doggy" men of the three kingdoms; and it has often happened that the Waterloo contest has assumed the aspect of genuine international rivalry. Each morning during the gathering you may see, "on the way to the meet," many very motley groups; owners, trainers, kennel-helpers, with their charges carefully swathed in tasty clothing like thoroughbred horses; men with notice-boards, and roughs "in their thousands." On the ground betting men are conspicuous with their books, "blatantations," blackguardism, and swell clothes; welsheers abound, and so do their silly patrons the "welshees," who are made to lay odds on all their fancies, and when they wind don't get their money. Sporting pickpockets who hardly know a hare from a hound ply their trade merrily, and all the "scampery" of Liverpool seems to be present. Verily the scene is not altogether a pleasant one, partaking of many of the odious features of an Epsom Derby Day. Lord Sefton, "the owner of the soil," and the Committee of Management have done their best to mitigate the increasing evils, and fresh notices have been posted, and fresh regulations made this year to stem them, and it may be hoped with some success. The coursing is in the open fields, more or less intersected with drains, and the game is regularly beaten for, though in some localities the slipper, the very incarnation of "Expectation," is ensconced behind a wattled hurdle, and exercises his choice of a hare for the slip, as circumstances suggest. The bulk of the great crowd is meanwhile obliged to remain stationary between certain points, and must not move till the order is given for a fresh beat. "A critical moment" is "the slip," when the slipper, a very important personage, and one who must be well up to his work, lets go the cross wooden handle of the slips out of his hand, and the band tight round his wrist pulls the cord, which runs down the long tube of leather, and withdraws the metal bolts in the dogs' collars, giving them an equal start for the "run up" to the hare. "The Judge," in scarlet coat and velvet hunting-cap, is of course at hand, and like the dogs in the engraving below him, has often to take an Altcar drain, and sometimes gets a "wrench" thereby, though not as the dogs score a "wrench" in coursing phraseology. By the way, the "wrench" in our picture should rather be subscribed a "turn," as the hare is made to bend out of her course at a right angle, a wrench being the bending of the hare at an angle greater than a right angle, and not scoring so much for a dog as a true "turn." "The Kill" scores two points for the dog that makes it, but these are subject to deduction if there is little merit in the kill, and it happens as often as not that the dog that actually kills is not the winner of the course. Still it is a matter of importance to be a good killer, which some fast dogs and good workers are not, while others "pick up" their game with remarkable cleverness. "*Finis coronat opus*," and the heap of dead hares, and the heap of lies often told over them, testify to the general goodness of the dogs and the interest bloodthirsty humanity takes in their success at Altcar and elsewhere. Be it however said that the old cry of "Live hare!" is still often raised in the coursing field as a good trial is proceeding, the sympathy of the spectators being with poor "puss," and her escape hailed with cheers.

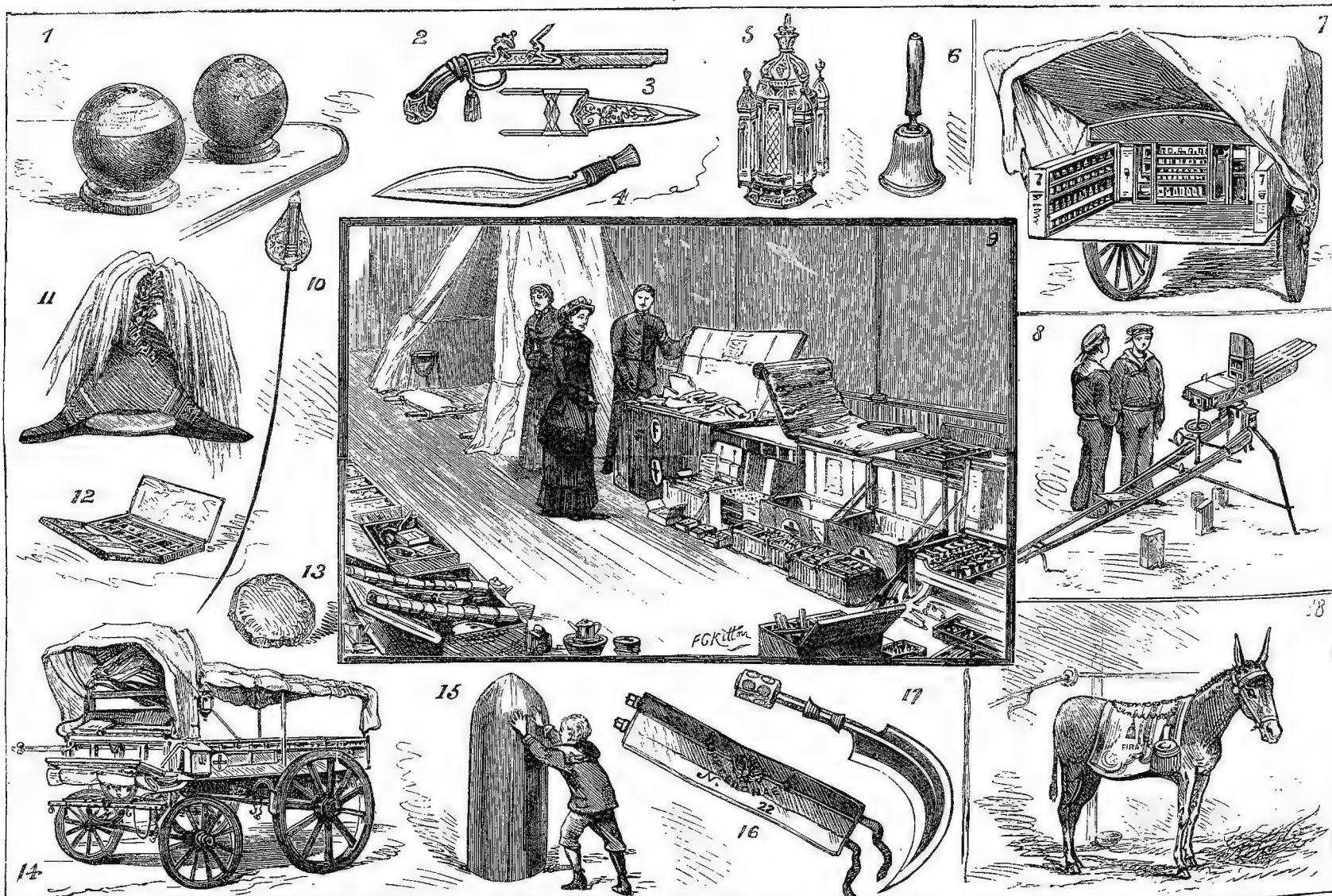
J. J. M.





1. James Carey, Town Councillor, Telling the Story of the Phoenix Park Murders from the Table in Kilmainham Court House.—2. Joseph Smith, who is said to have Pointed Out Mr. Burke to his Murderers.—3. Henry Rowles, through whose Negligence in Giving a Signal it is Said Mr. Forster's Life was Once Saved.—4. Thomas Caffrey, who is Said to Have Been the Fourth Man on the Car.—5. Michael Fagan, Alleged to have Been One of the Phoenix Park Murderers.—6. Daniel Curley, who is Alleged to have Directed the Movements of the Phoenix Park Murderers

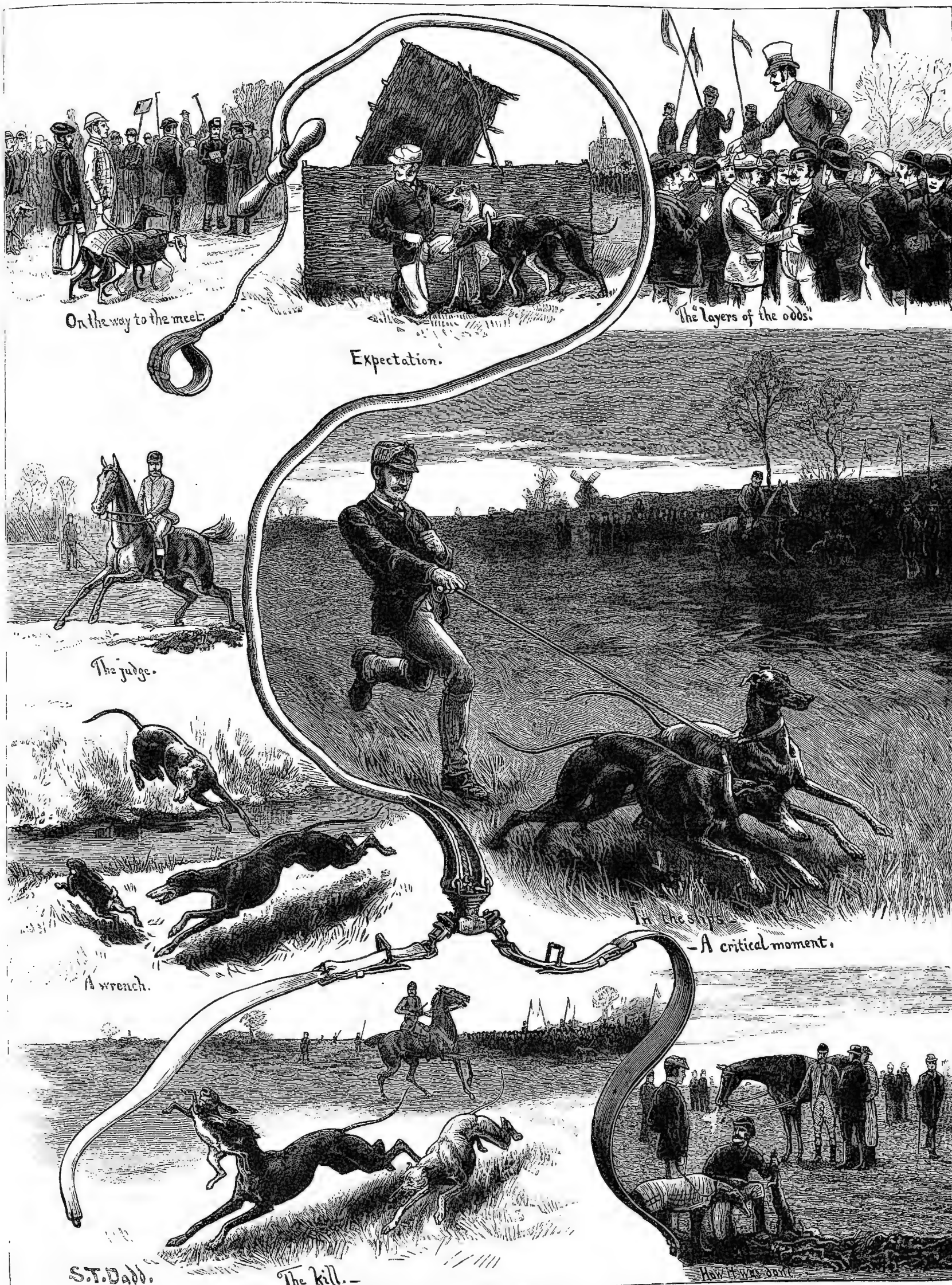
#### THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN



1. A Souvenir of the Bombardment of Alexandria : Two 10-inch Spherical Bombshells, Presented to T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales.—2. One of Arabi's Pistols, Lent by General Lord Wolseley.—3 and 4. Afghan Daggers, Taken in Action, Umbegla Pass, 1863.—5. A Lantern from a Mosque, Cairo.—6. Bell of the Railway Station, Mahsaneh.—7. Pharmacy Wagon.—8. A Nordenfeldt Gun.—9. A Field Hospital.—10. The Sword with which Trooper George Browning cut an Egyptian Soldier in Two at One Blow, thereby Bending the Sword.—11. The Hat Worn by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo.—12. A War Artist's Colour Box, the Survivor of Four Campaigns and Eleven Battles.—13. A Forty-eight Hours' Allowance of Bread of the Egyptian Soldier (About the Size of a Bun).—14. Wagon Ambulance, Complete.—15. A Shot for the Eighty-one-Ton Gun.—16. A War Correspondent's Badge.—17. A Head Chopper, from Abyssinia.—18. Arabi's Donkey.

THE WAR EXHIBITION AT HUMPHREY'S HALL, SOUTH KENSINGTON, IN AID OF THE EGYPTIAN WAR FUND





THE DOG DERBY—THE TRIALS FOR THE WATERLOO CUP





THE Session has thus far proceeded with a certain fatal resemblance to others that have gone before. It was expected that with the addition of affairs in Ireland improving, the Land League broken and discredited; and the regular Opposition unready to challenge by formal motion the policy of the Government, the Address might be quickly disposed of, and the House find opportunity to set about the business of the nation. These conditions of events and of personal attitude have been realised; but, somehow or other, the debate on the Address has grievously lagged, and, if the House finds itself at work on Monday on the Bankruptcy Bill, it must be congratulated on an unexpected good fortune.

The business of the Session began on the opening night in due order. There was not even lacking the accustomed interposition of the Irish members, who lamented, for the space of two hours, the imprisonment of a colleague who, if report be true, is not so greatly prized when he is among them in the flesh. As yet the disclosures at Kilmahnam Court House, confirming the popular view which has always associated the Land League with crime in Ireland, had not been made, and the Irish members felt themselves at liberty to embark upon the safe enterprise of browbeating a patient House. When that was over and the Address moved, Sir Stafford Northcote, in a speech which, as Lord Hartington observed, indicated that he had returned home not only in improved health but in high spirits, generally criticised the policy of the Government during the recess. It having been decided that Egyptian affairs should have a full opportunity to themselves, the debate being taken when the supplementary vote for the charges of the war was moved, Sir Stafford only glanced at the subject. But gentlemen below the gangway rushed in where leaders feared to tread. Sir Wilfrid Lawson came forward with an amendment condemning the war, and recommending the Government to get out of Egypt as fast as possible. This was seconded by Mr. Labouchere. But these eminent and eccentric politicians received conspicuously little support from the quarter of the House in which they sit. Even Mr. Rylands, once an opponent to the war, now shrewdly observed that since England had interposed, it would not do for her to retire till full provision had been made for the permanent settlement of the country. The whole thing would have lapsed in the course of the sitting, and the Address might have been agreed to, but for the interposition of Mr. Balfour.

This still young, but not diffident, statesman discovered what he regarded as a rare opportunity for harassing the enemy. It was all very well, according to the counsels of the leaders of the party, to wait for a proper opportunity of sullenly challenging the policy of the Government in Egypt. If they were at once to range themselves under the flag of revolt raised by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, they would have the advantage of allies in the camp of the enemy. Taking up the leadership with a light heart, Mr. Balfour moved the adjournment of the debate. Lord Hartington, ignoring the authority of the new pretender, asked Sir Stafford Northcote if he would take the responsibility of the adjournment. Thus cornered on the very first night of his return to business, Sir Stafford faintly agreed to the adjournment. On the next night Mr. Balfour discovered, what he might perhaps have been expected to look at earlier, that Sir W. Lawson's amendment was not one which Conservatives could support. He accordingly brought forward one of his own—a step which, of course, lost his party whatever advantage they might have gained from the votes of Sir W. Lawson and Mr. Labouchere. In this dilemma various counsels prevailed on the Conservative benches. Mr. Gorst, possibly jealous of the prominence self-assumed by the youngest recruit of the party, threw over Mr. Balfour, declaring for Sir W. Lawson's amendment. So did Mr. Edward Clarke. But Mr. Chaplin fulminated against it in most awesome manner. Mr. Bourke would not hear of it; and Sir Stafford Northcote, coming back just before midnight, declared for Mr. Balfour's amendment as opposed to Sir Wilfrid Lawson's. In the general muddle Sir Wilfrid missed his opportunity of dividing on his amendment, and the division was taken on Mr. Balfour's.

On Monday Agriculture had its day, and a very dismal one it proved. Sir Walter Barttelot introduced the subject, but was not able to formulate an Amendment to the Address. As one exceptionally pointed speaker in the debate observed, what was wanted to set Agriculture on its legs again was a continuance of sunshine, and that was a commodity which no Government could command. The conversation dragged on all through the night, sometimes in presence of half-a-dozen members, rarely with an audience of fifty.

Very different was the aspect of the House when the Bradlaugh business came to the front. It appeared first a little after midnight on Friday, when, amid a long list of Bills presented for First Reading, was an innocent-looking measure called a Bill to Amend the Parliamentary Oaths Act. In accordance with Parliamentary usage the required leave was given in respect of all the measures save this, at the mere mention of which a section of the ranks to the left of the Speaker closed up and prepared for action. Here again the unfortunate divergence of opinion which paralyses the Opposition manifested itself. Sir Stafford Northcote, with the full approval and concert of the Conservative leaders, had decided that no good, but rather harm, was to be gained from taking the unusual step of obstructing a measure on the first reading. As he observed on Monday, till leave had been given to bring in the Bill it could not be printed, and members could not know precisely what they were opposing. The Fourth Party and kindred spirits revolting against the plain common sense of this suggestion, and determining to obstruct, Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues left the House. For two hours the conflict raged, and the debate was continued on Monday, when the Bill was read for the first time by a large majority.

On Tuesday debate broke out in a fresh place. Mr. Parnell had given notice of an amendment which would raise the whole question of policy in Ireland. Anticipating him, Mr. Gorst now came forward with an amendment calculated to raise the whole controversy about the Kilmahnam Treaty, and if possible to attract to the Government some of the public odium that rises against Mr. James Carey and his band of ruffians. This was another attempt to force the hand of the leaders of the Opposition which, judged from a party point of view, recoiled upon the enterprising projectors. Mr. Gorst's speech, the levity of which Mr. Goschen strongly condemned, and which Mr. Gibson did not undertake to defend, gave Sir William Harcourt an opportunity, which he availed himself of with more than usual tact, to remind the public of a few facts, not new, but probably forgotten. He showed that so far from Mr. Forster not being cognisant of the Kilmahnam Treaty, it was by his personal authority that Captain O'Shea was admitted to the interview with Mr. Parnell; that Captain O'Shea reported to him; that he communicated the circumstances to the Cabinet, and that his objection, which being sustained led to his retirement from the Cabinet, was based on the demand that Mr. Parnell should publicly pledge himself in the interests of law and order. The Home Secretary further brought into strong light the curious fact that whilst Mr. Gorst appeared as champion of Mr. Forster, he condemned everything that had been done up to the 8th May, to which date Mr. Forster's policy was adopted by the Government, and

approved generally what had since taken place, Mr. Forster's policy having been abandoned. On Wednesday the debate was resumed. But in the absence of Mr. Parnell, and during the silence of Mr. Forster, it was wholly lacking in interest, and was again adjourned.



SIR R. PHILLIMORE, according to the *Daily News*, is about to resign his office as Judge in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. Mr. C. P. Butt, Q.C., is spoken of as his probable successor.

SIR G. JESSEL, who has been lately suffering from an affection of the kidneys, brought on by a cold, has been advised to defer his visit to the South of France. He will now probably take a fortnight's rest before the close of the present sittings in March, or prolong his vacation for a similar period after Easter.

THE HEARING OF THE SALISBURY ELECTION PETITION commenced on Wednesday, before Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Manisty, although the proceedings were formally opened at 5 P.M. the day before, in the Council Chamber, where the Judges were received by the Mayor and Corporation. Over one hundred specific cases will be gone into, and the inquiry is expected to last till Saturday.

THE partially-heard application for a perpetual injunction against the Guardians of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, to restrain them from using a building at Notting Hill as a small-pox hospital, was amicably arranged on the suggestion of Mr. Justice Field. The Guardians consent to give an undertaking that the building shall not be so used except in the case of extreme urgency, when circumstances might compel them to resort to it in the interest of the public health. From the report of a meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board this week we may infer that the vexed question of sites for small-pox and fever hospitals will ultimately be settled by the establishment of floating hospitals some way below London, with convalescent homes on the river banks.

CROYDON, it seems, is not the only Union where the wandering tramp may lie in bed all Sunday. At Berwick-upon-Tweed, as we learn from a conversation between the master of the workhouse and the Government Inspector, it is also the custom to take away their clothes and give them their breakfast in bed; they may, however, get up if they choose. The Inspector hazarded a mild suggestion that at least they might be made to attend a religious service every Sunday, and then the matter dropped.

THOMAS AND ELIZABETH MAYES, the parents of the girl whose head, as our readers may remember, was found floating in Apley Pond, were brought before the Justices at Wellington last Monday on the charge of wilful murder. According to a statement volunteered that morning by the male prisoner, on returning from his work on Thursday fortnight he had found the child in bed, and apparently dead. His wife said she had fallen down before the fire. He wanted to fetch a doctor, but was dissuaded, and at last consented to make away with the body. They cut it up on Friday night with a knife and broom-hook, and on Saturday his wife took the body away, and said she had thrown it into the Severn. The week after she put the head and legs in Apley Pool. The prisoners were remanded till Friday. The boy, who was also missing, is living with the parents of Mrs. Mayes near Shrewsbury.

STREET RUFFIANISM, formerly satisfied with brutal horse-play, does not now hesitate at robbery and murder. In Upper Holloway this week the dying depositions were taken of a Mr. Goosey, a tobacconist, who had received fatal injuries while peaceably returning home with his wife and stepson. His assailants, two men named J. Wilson and C. Scott, in trying to escape ran, fortunately, into the arms of the police.—At the London Hospital an inquest has been held on the body of an aged man, John Knight, from erysipelas after amputation. His arm had been broken in Bethnal Green by some men who had demanded five shillings from him. A juror declared that during the last two years he had "continually seen the same gang of roughs attacking passers-by and knocking them down."—At Bow Street two youths, named Dunn and Cook, have been remanded for an assault, in company with other boys and girls, on an elderly gentleman in Parliament Street. Cook also was charged with a watch robbery by violence in Russell Street, Covent Garden.

THE INQUIRY into the death of Mrs. Harriet Kay, found in a dying condition in the Heaton Park Tunnel of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, having evidently fallen from the train in which she and her husband were travelling, has terminated in an open verdict. Mr. Kay, who is described as suffering from suicidal mania, was brought before the magistrates at Manchester on Wednesday, and remanded pending the result of the inquest.

THE SITE OF THE OLD LAW COURTS at Westminster is being rapidly cleared. A suggestion has been made that it be roofed over as a shelter for the carriages of members in wet weather.

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN who for some time past has been making the round of the West End Clubs, dining there as though he were a member, and cashing cheques for an amount larger than his dinner bills, was caught on Wednesday evening at the Junior Army and Navy. He was detected by a page-boy, who knew the member whose name he had assumed, and, before he could escape, was confronted by a member of the committee. Only a latch-key and two pawn-tickets were found on him. He was to appear at Marlborough Street on Thursday on a charge of forgery and theft.



THE AGRICULTURAL OUTLOOK is extremely gloomy. On the evils resulting from delayed or impeded sowings of cereals we spoke last week; but it must be stated that those evils are by no means the full measure of the present bad fortune of farmers. The fatal disease known as fluke, whereby our flocks of sheep were literally decimated in 1879 and 1880, owes its origin to the sheep pasturing in damp meadows; and it is, accordingly, gravely to be feared that there will be a renewal of loss from this cause. Foot-and-mouth disease, too, has assumed the most serious proportions, and wet weather is all against the stock. The contagion has spread to almost every county, including Sussex and Cornwall—counties which, situated as they are at remote ends of the island, had long been exempt. This dangerous malady was imported with foreign cattle, in the first place, and appears indigenous to the Russian steppes. The large traffic in store cattle going on in England has been seriously interfered with, and finally brought to a virtual standstill by the restrictive Orders of the Privy Council; yet the disease is not losing ground, or being checked to any perceptible extent. How the disease has recently been spread is indicated by a daily journal, when it says:—"Droves of animals in poor condition are driven from market to market. They are exposed to the weather and to irregularity of diet, to dank fields and

to miry ways, and an aphthous state of the mouth and a vesicular and bleeding state of the skin, when it comes down upon the hoofs, would not of itself be deemed an unlikely consequence of exposure under such circumstances. If no contagion followed, nothing indeed would be thought more natural than that such local effects were due to the hardships undergone by lean cattle in being driven from place to place." But contagion has followed, and now the one thing to do is to put it down. Meanwhile the agricultural situation is full of gloom, and the prayers now offering in our churches are but the outcome of a general feeling of discouragement and apprehension.

THE HON. EDWARD STANHOPE, M.P., ON AGRICULTURE.—Addressing a rural meeting in Sussex last week, Mr. Stanhope said the Government spoke of introducing a Bill for securing compensation for unexhausted improvements. He heartily hoped that promise would be realised. In his own county of Leicestershire they had a custom which gave ample compensation for unexhausted improvements, and any farmer who holds under that custom would tell them that it gave a man all the security he could fairly desire to have. If the Government approached the subject in earnest and justly, the Conservatives would help them; but after the sham of the Malt Tax relief they were justified in waiting before they committed themselves.

WHEAT AND THE SEASON.—A North-Country correspondent says:—"In connection with the very serious shortcoming in the quantity of wheat sown, I take the liberty of drawing your attention to the Scotch 'Square Head Wheat,' of which one of our most reliable farmers says he has had a better crop when sown in March than when sown in October. It is the most prolific variety of any sown in the North, crops of six to seven quarters per acre being by no means rare, and even eight quarters having been known of in a few instances." With reference to prices, a well-known merchant in Leeds says:—"Wheat is evidently on the up-line, and the way is signalled clear; this cannot be at all surprising, if people will only face the disastrous prospects of a future harvest. The agricultural interest has rarely been under such a dark cloud as it now is. . . . It is many years since we have had anything at this period of the season so surely to justify a sharp rise as there is now 'on the cards.'" Exaggerated this opinion may be, but it is undeniably that current in the Wheat Trade at the present moment.

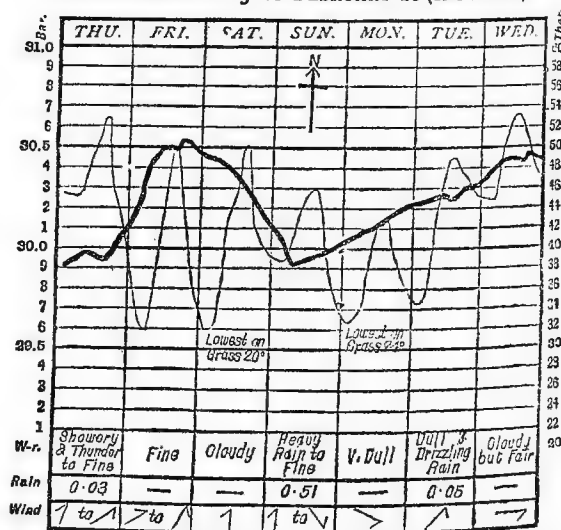
LORD TOLLEMACHE has reduced the rents of his tenants in Suffolk 25 per cent. on the last half-year, an act of great generosity considering the terms on which farmers hold under him. His lease grants them undisturbed possession for twenty-one years without increase of rent, and further concedes to the tenant the right of assignment of his interest.

SHEEP AND ENSILAGE.—Mr. Gayford, of East Wretham, has been feeding sheep on ensilage. At the outset they were shy of taking it, but at the end of a week they evidently relished it, preferring it to fresh, sound turnips. The food agreed with them admirably; they gained in condition, and continued to do well all round. The shepherd reported very favourably of the food. It was to be especially remarked that if the sheep ate the food thus readily in such a mild open season as the present, they would certainly do so during a severe winter and in a late cold spring, when stockmasters most require a succulent palatable food for their ewes.

MILK.—"The middleman secures on an average from the customer 2s. 10d. per barn gallon; he pays the producer on an average 1s. 7d., leaving him a nett 1s. 3d., or under 2d. per quart, to earn a living from. If, however, he does a good business, this 2d. soon mounts up. Of the 1s. 7d. obtained by the producer, about 2d. goes for carriage. A liberal allowance for cow-keeping is 6s. per head per week; and, if a cow on the average yields sixty quarts weekly, a nett profit of 4s. per cow is made, so that a producer owning fifty milch cows receives 420l. a year for his milk. At 4d. per quart pure milk is the cheapest and most nourishing of foods, and 4d. per quart is 2s. 8d. per barn gallon." So writes a "Middleman." What says "the other side?"

SURREY AND HAMPSHIRE FARMERS appear to be laying down a good deal of land to permanent grass; but, on the whole, the agriculture of these counties seems retrograding. The milk trade with London has developed considerably, and the dairy has become of increased importance on almost all Surrey farms at all near town, as well as on certain large farms in Hampshire, where the milk sold has turned the balance from loss to profit. Still, even this branch of farming industry is not being fully extended, and cereal cultivation is going from bad to worse. The land is getting foul and poor, obtains less attention, less cleaning, and less manure, and, consequently, gives less per acre year after year.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM FEBRUARY 15 TO FEBRUARY 21 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been very dull and unsettled. Thursday (15th inst.) found a shallow, subsidiary disturbance over the St. George's Channel, and as the day advanced pressure increased briskly, temperature fell decidedly, and showers occurred, with some thunder. The following day a high pressure area had reached our neighbourhood from France, and the weather which ensued was fine and bright, with light south-westerly winds. By Saturday (17th inst.) the anti-cyclone was found to be moving away eastwards, and a depression appearing off our north-west coasts, the barometer consequently began to give way, and cloudy skies, with light southerly winds, prevailed. The next day pressure was generally uniform, and heavy rain fell during the forenoon, with very light and variable winds. Monday (19th inst.) found the barometer rising slowly, with dull weather and very light westerly winds. During the next day a large disturbance passed across the north of Scotland, and drizzling rain occurred, with light south-westerly winds. With the barometer still rising, very dull weather and light winds prevailed on Wednesday (21st inst.). Temperature has been very changeable, with low grass reading on Saturday (17th inst.) and Monday (19th inst.), and, on the whole, above the average. The barometer was highest (30.51 inches) on Friday (16th inst.); lowest (29.94 inches) on Thursday (15th inst.); range, 0.57 inches. Temperature was highest (53°) on Wednesday (21st inst.); lowest (32°) on Friday (16th inst.) and Saturday (17th inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.59 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.51 inches, on Sunday (18th inst.).







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In safety 'twas clasped to the mother's fond breast—  
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In doing his duty—had gone to his rest!

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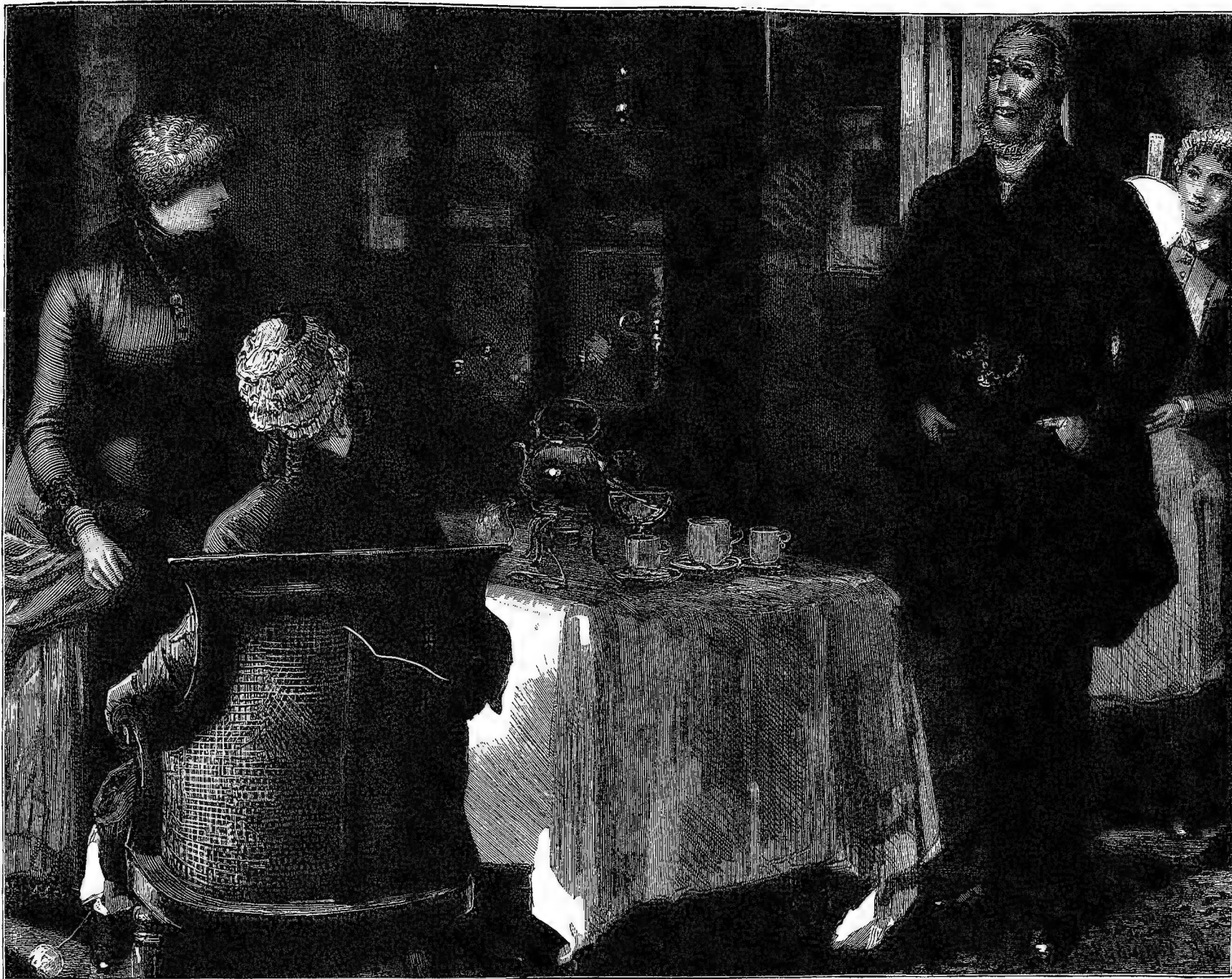
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reputation, and in order to effect a speedy sale the easiest  
terms arranged, with ten years' warranty. Trichord  
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DRAWN BY SYDNEY HALL

Presently, when it was nearly dark, and Miss Baines had fallen into a doze, a heavy step was heard advancing along the passage, and a hand threw open the door, not roughly, but with authoritative decision, and a voice said, "Well, so here you are."

## LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

*"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."*

### CHAPTER XV.

To a being who should contemplate our planet from the moon, it is probable that small difference would be observable, not only between the various European countries, but between the great divisions of the globe. It would be much if masses of land and water could be distinguished from each other with the aid of the most powerful lunar telescope. And to the philosopher beholding mankind from a parallel elevation of mind, no doubt, Rome and Dozebury, with their respective inhabitants, would present very similar outlines, and would perhaps seem identical in their main features. But to the humble observer close to the soil a thousand singular differences and contrasts manifest themselves. "Behold!" says the philosopher, "those swarming specks, moving and jostling, hasting and resting. They are but emmets. Whether they dwell in a stubble field, or a garden patch, or a dusty wayside, or a human habitation, they are still but ephemeral insects. All is vanity! These creatures are produced, and reproduce others, and die in precisely the same fashion. A seed corn more or less is of no consequence in the vast scheme of creation." To which the humble observer aforesaid, very close to the soil, might modestly reply that, though the seed corn more or less may be of no consequence to creation in general, it makes all the difference to the emmets!

But, to descend from the moon, it must distinctly be stated that the village of Dozebury was extremely unlike the city of Rome in the eyes of ordinary mortals. It was not a picturesque, Arcadian-looking village. The fronts of most of the houses, and of all the shops, had been modernised. Irregular gables had been abolished or disguised, brass plates and bell-handles substituted for wrought-iron knockers and massive locks on the doors, and large squares of clear glass for lozenge-shaped panes in the windows. Here and there a bit of carved stonework had been choked up with stucco, and oaken beams, black with age, had been hidden beneath a coat of whitewash. The landlord of the Salutation Inn had long ago removed a quaint, weather-stained signboard, representing two *beaux* of the reign of Queen Anne bowing to each other, with their hats in their hands and their swords sticking out at right angles to their bodies, and had substituted for it the words "Salutation Hotel" in gilt Roman letters, two feet high, all along the front of his house. But then, to be sure, the bowing *beaux* had been innovations

themselves once upon a time, and had superseded a far more ancient painting, representing the salutation of St. Elizabeth and the Virgin Mary.

All the inhabitants of the village looked on these things as improvements; and many of them had carried on analogous processes within doors. Mr. Joshua Higgins, for instance, had in his house a room lined with finely-carved wood-work. It was said, indeed, to have been wrought by no less a hand than that of Grinling Gibbons. But Mr. Higgins disliking, as he said, the old-fashioned look of the time-darkened panels, had caused them to be thickly painted of a rich cream colour, picked out with bright blue. And all the public opinion on this proceeding which ever made itself manifest to Mr. Higgins was warmly favourable to it. The only edifice in Dozebury which preserved anything of its aspect of right old antiquity was the church. Nay, even this had a sort of new-old air, so to speak; for it had not escaped the general deluge of whitewash which overwhelmed architecture during the eighteenth century. And it had only recently been scraped and restored into something like proper archaeological form by the zeal of the absentee Rector, who lived abroad for his health, but endeavoured to make amends to his flock by his liberality in the matter of brasses and painted windows.

By virtue of these archæological restorations, indeed, St. Mary's had come to be known as a show church throughout the neighbourhood. Kitty Low, granddaughter of Mrs. Fox, the late parish clerk's widow, who kept the keys, received many a shilling from visitors who came to view the brasses and the carved tombstones with recumbent knights and worthies,—noseless for the most part, but placidly indifferent to their loss—and the brand-new stained-glass windows. These were not, to be sure, so richly mellow in colour as the ancient ones, but then they successfully simulated antiquity in respect of drawing, anatomy, and perspective; our forefathers' ignorance being, unfortunately, more imitable than their skill.

But though the inhabitants were blind to the picturesque, and had reduced their dwellings as far as possible to a dead level of vulgar uniformity, yet there were pleasant sights to be seen in Dozebury, even from an artistic point of view. The neighbourhood was remarkably pretty, with gently rising slopes and softly nestling hollows: covered with rich gardens and orchards, and celebrated

for the size and growth of its trees. Here and there, straggling beyond the street (it had but one) of Dozebury proper, might be found a labourer's cottage, with a thatched roof rich with lichens, and its lattice windows blinking out of a bush of climbing roses; or further away still, a farm-house, many-gabled, with white pigeons wheeling round its gilded vane.

The churchyard of St. Mary's would have delighted an eye able to enjoy the idyllic beauties of a peculiarly English scene. It sloped down from the church to a little stream that came purling through green meadows. Its turf, whose velvet pile had taken near three centuries to weave, covered the undulating graves with a mantle soft as sleep. A black, aged yew-tree stood near the church porch, and from the shelter of its shadow you could look far and wide on a sunny day across a dappled landscape bounded by blue woodlands on a distant ridge.

But when Violet Moore beheld her native Dozebury once more after her absence in foreign parts, it was not under its pleasantest aspect. A cold steady rain poured perseveringly from a low sky of dull, unbroken grey. The gargoyles of St. Mary's sent down foaming cataracts on to the flagged paths round the church; every leaden spout in Dozebury gave forth lavish contributions to the turbid waters that foamed along the gutters in the street. The ground around the railway station, half-a-mile away, was poached into a miry slough. Passengers darted desperately under dripping umbrellas across the open line to the shed on the "up" side or the "down" side, as the case might be; the one porter, with his velvet trousers tucked up above his boots, tramped with dogged indifference through the puddles, as who should say, "I know my weather by heart; as well be wet through first as last." The Dozebury omnibus—a stunted vehicle, like an omnibus begun by a person of liberal ideas as to the public good, and broken off short in the middle by his heirs and assigns—had rivulets of rain meandering all over the tarpaulin on its roof, and dribbling down inside by chinks in the window-panes over the fusty red velvet seats.

Miss Baines and her niece, arriving at Dozebury by the three o'clock express from London, found no more friendly face to greet them at the station than the shining red visage of the omnibus driver, a servant in the employ of the landlord of the Salutation Inn, who was proprietor of the vehicle. Shivering, sick, and weary—for they had arrived early that morning in town from the



Continent—the two women mounted into the omnibus, on to the roof of which their luggage was subsequently hoisted with a series of bumps and shocks which made their teeth chatter, and were driven away, plashing and floundering, through a long miry lane to the mansion of Mr. Joshua Higgins.

Miss Baines lived in a little cottage of her own near to her uncle's house; and Violet had always shared her aunt's home. But by Mr. Higgins's express request the travellers were to alight at his house, and spend some time as his guests before returning to Woodbine Cottage, as Miss Baines had christened her dwelling. Betsy Baines considered this invitation as a very favourable symptom of Uncle Joshua's mood. He had condescended to say in his letter on the subject that he thought his house would be more comfortable for them on first arriving than Woodbine Cottage, which had been shut up, and where things were not in readiness to receive them. And this mark of his consideration was very comforting to his niece. And had it not been for the secret of Violet's engagement, which weighed upon her rather heavily, she would have been very cheerful and pleased to get back to Dozebury in spite of the rain and the cold. Violet, on the contrary, was thoroughly dispirited. She sat wrapped in her travelling cloak, looking through the window dim with rain and the mist of her own breath, at a phantasmagoric procession of bare hedge-rows and barred gates with here and there a tall leafless tree, which seemed to flit past the vehicle, shown against a low cold grey background of clouds, that looked like the steam from a gigantic cauldron. She was thinking of her last parting from Mario on a bright afternoon, when the tall fountain in the wide piazza near the Roman railway station had thrown up a column of silver waters, glittering in the sunshine, and the air was full of the smell of violets. She was thinking of the smile on that bronzed face, and the tender look in those dark eyes, and the musical tones of that pleasant voice assuring her of fervent love and unchanging constancy, which were sweeter to her than the violets, brighter than the sunshine. But all the while she was conscious of the chill wet landscape, and the fusty red velvet cushions, and the rain dripping down the window pane on to the seat beside her.

At length the omnibus pulled up in front of Mr. Higgins's house. It was a solid square old stone house that had once stood alone in spacious grounds. It was now in Dozebury High Street, from which it was divided by a little railed garden, with a bright yellow gravel path leading straight to the front door in the centre of the house. Behind it was a flagged yard, approached from a side lane, with stables and offices; and behind the yard again a large kitchen garden surrounded by an ancient brick wall. The iron gate of the front garden stood open; and when the omnibus stopped a middle-aged woman servant, holding an umbrella in one hand, and with the other lifting her skirts out of the wet, and displaying the neatest of shoes and white stockings, came down the path from the house to bid the travellers welcome. "Master" was not at home, this woman explained, but would return at five o'clock. Meanwhile the ladies would find a good fire, and some food, and some hot tea ready for them. And James Rawlinson would help the omnibus man to carry in their luggage. James Rawlinson, a functionary dressed like a groom, and with a cowskin cap on his head, advanced. In response to Miss Baines's kindly "How do you do, James?" I'm glad to see you still here," he answered, "Oh ah; I'm still yere," with so glum a visage that a stranger would have supposed something unusual had happened to put him out of temper. But his surly manner was due to no special circumstance—unless, indeed, it might be the circumstance of having been greeted with a smile. James, in fact, like a good many of his compeers, always received a courtesy in the same spirit with which a hackney coachman receives double his fare—with a feeling, that is to say, that the courteous one is a fool, and that more might have been got out of him by judicious bullying.

"Well, it is nice to be at home again, isn't it, Violet?" said Miss Baines, when, refreshed by the hot tea and a well-cooked repast, she sat beside a glowing coal fire in the square parlour.

"Uncle Joshua's house never seems like home to me," answered Violet. "I would rather have gone to the Cottage."

"Oh, but it was very kind and thoughtful of Uncle Joshua to ask us here first."

"I daresay he meant it kindly."

"Of course he did. But when I speak of being at home again, I mean England generally. I must say it is a comfort to get away from the foreign ways and the foreign voices for a bit. Just look at those bright fire-irons! Did you ever see such fire-irons on the Continent? No, no, my dear. Every land has its own blessings, no doubt; but as to housemaid's work, I should say they haven't an idea of it abroad. And the way that dish of chops was served, Violet!—brown and hot, and done to a turn. Mutton again, in the true sense of the word—and, at all events, considered in the form of chops—I look on as quite peculiar to our native land. Ah, we have much to be thankful for, my dear!"

Violet gazed out of the window through a mist of tears. Her aunt's insistence on all these prosaic little details irritated her nerves, and not the less so that she felt Miss Baines was justified in enjoying the solid comfort, the unpretending abundance, the exquisite cleanliness—so thorough and exquisite as to constitute almost an element of moral refinement—of that English household. Violet was by no means insensible to the value of warmth, neatness, tranquillity, order—and even well-cooked mutton chops. But all these things, so good in themselves, accentuated the distance and the difference between the life she had left and the life she had returned to. How should she hope to persuade people accustomed to the latter of the yearning regret with which her thoughts turned southward? Everything that surrounded her in her uncle's house seemed to be a standing, stubborn protest against the imprudence and folly of binding herself to a foreigner, and exiling herself into poverty in a foreign land. Italy seemed further away, Mario more completely separated from her, than she had yet been conscious of.

"And, really, I must say," continued Miss Baines, unaware of the reason why Violet kept her head turned away, and not seeing the furtive movement of the girl's hand to her eyes, "I must say that Martha keeps the house most beautifully. She has only a housemaid under her, and James Rawlinson for the knives and boots. But what do you think she told me when I was washing my hands just now? Why, that Uncle Joshua is thinking of taking a new parlourmaid! Martha thinks it is on account of having us to stay in the house, which, of course, will give extra work. But, if so, I can't help fancying that Uncle Joshua must mean to have us—or at least one of us—for a permanency. Because otherwise another servant would not be worth while. And, if so, I'm sure it shows that he is actuated by great kind feeling, Violet. He is getting an old man, and may wish to have his own kith and kin about him. Nothing more natural! And I hope you will be kind and affectionate to him, Violet."

Thus Miss Baines rambled on, in a soft monotone, with her feet on the fender, and her gown folded back on her knee, so as not to be scorched by the fire. And Violet's spirits sank lower and lower. Rome was so far away—so far away! And the life and the love there seemed to have passed away like a dream, except from her own heart. Her aunt talked as if she had forgotten! And the dusk gathered, and the rain fell, and there was not a sound to be heard throughout the quiet house.

Presently, when it was nearly dark, and Miss Baines had fallen into a doze, a heavy step was heard advancing along the passage, and a hand threw open the door, not roughly, but with authoritative decision, and a voice said, "Well, so here you are. I reckoned you might ha' been home yesterday if you'd looked a bit sharp, and

come straight through. However, I s'pose you're but poor creatures in the way of travelling; and better late than never."

Uncle Joshua's entrance was followed by the entrance of a lamp, and by its light he proceeded to have what he called "a good look" at his nieces. He was a tall, bulky old man, with a broad red face, small light grey eyes, a mouth like a straight horizontal slit, and a thick fringe of white whiskers edging cheeks and chin. He was dressed in black, with a limp white neckcloth, which gave him somewhat the look of a Dissenting preacher; but his voice and his manner were mundane enough. He spoke with a slight rustic accent—which, however, it was in his power to modify when it pleased him—and a bawling tone, as though his hearers were either a long way off, or so dull as to require to have their intelligence forcibly stimulated.

"Well," said he again when he had shaken hands with them both and stared at them hard, "so here you are. I'm only just got back from Charnham corn-market."

"I'm afraid you must have got wet, Uncle Joshua," said Miss Baines with her habitual consideration for his comfort and welfare.

"Why you don't suppose I walked back from Charnham, do you?"

"No; oh, of course not. But I mean—if you were in the gig—rain is so very penetrating—"

"Well, we don't have dry rain in these parts certainly. Maybe they do where you've been, eh? Ha, ha! Oh Betsy, you haven't gained much gumption, as far as I can see. However, I wasn't in the gig. I took the 'bus—Benson's 'bus of the 'Salutation.' And anyhow I ain't made of sugar nor salt. A few drops of rain won't kill me. I'm pretty tough yet, Betsy."

"I think you're looking wonderfully well, Uncle Joshua."

"I am well: sound as a roach. Can't return the compliment though to either of you two," answered Mr. Higgins with much complacency. Truly, both the women looked pale and weary; and Mr. Higgins felt this as a gratifying testimony to his own wisdom in staying at home. He proceeded to inquire if they had had something to eat, and whether Martha had used them well; and was still further gratified by Miss Baines's hearty praises of the meal, which he interrupted by such comments as "Ah, you don't get mutton like that among the foreigners. 'Spose you was hungry half the time with nothing but their messes. Tea? Pish! you ought to have taken a good glass of bitter beer with your meal. Wholesomest drink in the world. Talk of their cheap wines! Lord, I tasted some, at a shilling a bottle, over at the 'Blue Boar' in Charnham. I know what it is. I was obliged to toss off sixpenn'orth of brandy neat, or I b'lieve I should have had a fit of the colic. And I've a pretty good stomach, too. I ain't squeamish."

In a word, Mr. Higgins was so elated by the contrast which he conjured up between his own daily fare and the wretched viands to which his nieces had been condemned during the past twelvemonth, that he became good-humoured and kindly, and bade Martha, when she came in with the supper tray, to take care of Miss Elizabeth, and see that she had a good fire in her bedroom.

Just before they separated for the night, he said, "I'll give you three guesses as to who I've seen to-day in Charnham. Some one who knows you both—knew you abroad. A great admirer of Miss Pussy here. Oh, you needn't colour up, and look so scared. It's a lady; I'll tell you that much. Can you guess?"

Violet looked at him in bewilderment. The only person she could think of answering to her uncle's description was Nina Guarini. Surely it was not possible that Nina, whom she had parted from the other day in Rome, should now be within a few miles of her! Miss Baines, whose mind was not so exclusively occupied with the persons connected with Captain Masi, exclaimed, after a pause, "Can it be Mrs. Lucas? She spoke of having friends in our neighbourhood."

"Mrs. Lucas it is, Betsy. A most sooperior woman. Highly so. A woman I can take pleasure in talking to—and that's saying a good deal."

"Yes; she has a great deal of information. At least, she has seen a great deal of the world. And she writes in very choice language."

"You're right, Betsy. At least, about her writing I don't know. But she's a sooperior sort of a woman. And, I'll tell you what: we'll have her over here to see you and Violet. So long as you partake the hospitality of my roof, I shall make your friends welcome—when they're friends I approve."

## CHAPTER XVI.

It takes time and experience to convince youth of how little consequence any individual is to the rest in this busy world. Even the least egotistic persons are enormously important to themselves; and it is hard at first to realise that our pains and pleasures, and loves and hates, and hopes and fears, frequently pass unperceived by our fellow-creatures; and that they may even be perceived without arousing any keen interest. A little child never does realise it, but comes to us with its joys and woes, in the touching confidence that what is so vivid to it must perforce move others. Violet Moore was not a little child, and, moreover, she had sufficient native shrewdness to read her Uncle Joshua's character pretty accurately. And yet, for days after her return to Dozebury, she could not overcome a sense of surprise and blank disappointment at finding the old man so curiously uninterested in all that did not touch his daily life, its business, or its comforts—so curiously uninterested in her! He scarcely ever questioned her as to her foreign travels, appearing to think that he knew already all that was worth knowing about the Continent. Still less did he seem to desire any account of her views and feelings. He talked of the affairs and the inhabitants of Dozebury and Charnham as though they constituted the topics most important to the human race. And it did not occur to Violet that Uncle Joshua would, in his turn, have been profoundly surprised could he have guessed the weary, soul-sick indifference with which she listened to the details that so interested him.

Violet's only comfort was in writing to Mario. She indited long and frequent letters to him, and waited with impatience the first day when it should be possible to hear from him. But nearly a week passed after the date on which his letter might have reached her, and none had come. Her aunt philosophically bade her not fidget and fret. Captain Masi was, of course, very busy bringing out the new journal. It was likely he had not a moment to himself to write letters. One would come all in good time. And Violet did not resent being told that she was foolishly anxious and impatient; for, if her impatience were justified, Mario must be blamed. And at length a letter did come. And Violet read it over and over again, and went about with it hidden next her heart, and smiled and flushed, and was transfigured as if she had swallowed some magic elixir of beauty. Mario, had, indeed, been busy, it seemed, working with extraordinary energy and industry. He had even on several occasions sat up all night, chained to his desk, and overwhelmed with business and responsibility. But he gave a good account of the success of the new journal, which was entitled *The Tribune of the People*—success, at least, so far as regarded its colleagues of the Press. Of course, as to its paying, it was too early to talk about that. They had a fair list of subscribers, and received warm praises for the brightness and talent of the leading articles, which were written chiefly by Mario. Violet, who trusted implicitly, not only his truthfulness, but his judgment, was charmed by this news. But the sense of living in her uncle's house on false pretences, as it were, and keeping her engagement secret from him, weighed on her spirits and hurt her self-respect.

Meanwhile, she tried to qualify herself for being a helpmate to a

poor man, by learning something of cooking and other household matters, of which she was very ignorant. Aunt Betsy and her two maid-servants had always managed their modest home. And to Aunt Betsy, as to most of her contemporaries of the same class, it seemed natural and fitting that a "young lady's" education should embrace no practically useful knowledge whatever. It was not easy to acquire the skill she wanted in Uncle Joshua's house. Martha not only reigned but governed in the kitchen, and resented the presence there of interlopers. But Violet got some assistance from an old Dozebury acquaintance of hers—Kitty Low, of whom mention has already been made as keeping the keys of the church.

Kitty Low was a prim-looking, flat-chested spinster of eight-and-twenty, with smooth flaxen hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes of a lighter shade, and a long upper lip, which she shut tightly over the under lip after speaking, as though it were moved by an indiarubber spring. Long ago Violet had been rather attracted to Kitty Low, who was not generally popular, by a certain originality of mind which belonged to her. It was curious to see this originality struggling against the bonds of a narrow education and the thousand petty prejudices common to her class and condition. It did not always struggle successfully, but it was never wholly lulled to sleep by the poppy and mandragora of a provincial parish. Kitty lived with her grandmother, Mrs. Fox, whose deceased husband had been clerk inside the church, and general factotum to the Rector outside it, for forty years. She lived in a tiny house at one extremity of Dozebury, near to the gates of the churchyard, and from her windows she could see whatever passed in Dozebury High Street. That was little enough, to be sure. But Mrs. Fox, who had fallen and broken her leg some five years ago, and had limped so badly ever since as to be scarcely capable of hobbling from her parlour to the little bed-chamber behind it, went nigh to considering the topography of Dozebury as a providential arrangement, designed mainly for the purpose of affording her a little amusement. "I could have had Benson's cottage for thirty shillings a year less," she was accustomed to say. "But what outlook is there from Benson's cottage? Now here, being right square to the street and near to the 'Salutation,' I can see everything as goes by, and the 'bus come in from the station, and everything. My window is a special mercy, as I always say. And the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, for if I had my legs like Mrs. Sykes I shouldn't care so much for a view."

She and her granddaughter lived in peace together, for Kitty was very dutiful in deeds, but they occasionally differed considerably in conversation. Kitty had a logical mind and an uncompromising spirit, and the result of that combination was frequently unpleasant to talkers who loved large generalisations, and had no narrow prejudice against a *non sequitur*. Mrs. Fox was wont to express the impression produced on her by Kitty's severe deductions by saying that she was a 'cute wench, but that obstinate as you could never reason with her.

Violet resumed her acquaintance with Kitty, and took the habit of dropping in at Mrs. Fox's cottage very frequently. It was a model of neatness and good order, and both the old woman and her granddaughter were notable housewives; and, moreover, Mrs. Fox in her youth had been a cook in gentlemen's families. Violet confided to Kitty Low that she desired to be able to do something a little more useful in the world than making crochet hoods or embroidering sofa-cushions. And Kitty, being rather original herself, sympathised with this extraordinary wish. Cooking classes and lectures on domestic economy had not penetrated to Dozebury, nor even to Charnham. But Kitty Low said that Miss Moore was welcome to learn what she could teach her, from ironing and clear-starching to the preparation of plain roast and boiled and a pudding.

One trait which attracted, or at least interested, Violet in this young woman was the courage, cold and keen as a steel blade, with which she faced her own future as a poor and solitary old maid. Violet's warm, youthful imagination used to shudder at the clear, icy view which Kitty took of her life. The pitiless rigour of her common sense was appalling, but it was interesting too, at least to Violet. She had never met with anything like it. She had known persons who told disagreeable truths about their neighbours, but they seldom carried their remorseless impartiality any further. Kitty Low was different.

"No, no, Miss Moore," she would say, in her subdued, monotonous, but rather sweet voice. "When you're a lady with plenty of money it may be better. But it can't be a pleasant lot anyway to be elderly, and sickly, and single. Them as says different are only trying to deceive you or themselves."

"But why should you be elderly, and sickly, and single? What's the use of making up your mind beforehand to such disagreeable things?"

"It isn't that I make up my mind, Miss Moore, any more than you make up your mind to see Dozebury High Street when you look out of window. You might like a beautifuller prospect, but Dozebury High Street is there, so you see that."

"But, goodness me, Kitty! what's to prevent your getting married? You're not so very old."

"No, it isn't my years altogether; but I have no attractions, you see."

"Yes, you have. I think you're quite nice-looking."

"Men don't think so. And that's what's mainly wanted."

"But why shouldn't they think so?" cried Violet, impatiently.

"God has made 'em so, Miss Moore," answered Kitty, with perfect calmness and gravity. After which there was a pause of some duration.

"Well," said Violet, at length, "you need not be sickly, even if you are single."

"I haven't much constitution. I'm hollow-chested, and just the kind of woman to be peaking and pining, without regularly breaking down, when I get a little into years."

Violet looked at her curiously. "You never complain," she said. "You always seem contented. I wonder how you can, if you really think all this."

"There's something to look to beyond," replied Kitty. "Not that I'm one of them as think we shall all find it just what we could wish, even in the new life—not quite at first, at any rate. It'll be good for us, no doubt. That we're bound to believe. But I can't fancy it'll be all junketing. And there are 'many mansions,' you know, Miss Moore. Some of us will have to come off second best, it stands to reason."

Kitty's observations on her fellow-creatures were equally characterised by independence of judgment, but she rarely confided them to any one's ears. With Violet, however, she would occasionally be communicative. The sort of intimacy which grew up between these two rather surprised Miss Baines, who could not see what there was in Kitty Low to distinguish her from other young women of her class, unless it might be an unusual degree of silence.

In accordance with the intention he had announced on the night of their arrival, Uncle Joshua invited Mrs. Lucas on a visit to his house. That "sooperior woman" was staying with some relatives of her late husband at Charnham, and accepted Mr. Higgins's invitation with flattering eagerness. She wrote also a little note to "her dearest Miss Baines," wherein she set forth that she looked with rapture to the moment when she should again press her dear and valued friend to her heart, and congratulated her on a safe return to that happy land which in the words of the poet ruled the main, and to the enjoyment of Mr. Joshua Higgins's improving conversation and elegant hospitality.



"I'm sure I never thought Mrs. Lucas was so much attached to me," said Miss Baines, simply. "We were not very intimate." Violet said nothing. She had no very kindly feeling towards Mrs. Lucas, remembering her words against the Guarinis. And Miss Violet was capable of considerable resentment, especially on behalf of her friends. But it appeared that she was destined, rather than her aunt, to do the honours of Mr. Higgins's house to Mrs. Lucas. Uncle Joshua curtly informed his niece Betsy, after she had been at Dozebury about a fortnight, that it would be convenient to him if she would now repair to her own cottage, which by this time had been put in order. "Not," said Mr. Higgins, "that I mean to grudge you your rations, Elizabeth Baines. You can come and take your meals here, and welcome, and have James Rawlinson with the lantern to convey you home o' nights, though it isn't fifty yards to go, for that matter. But your bedroom will be wanted for your friend, Mrs. Lucas. It's the best in the house after my own, and I mean her to have it. Violet will remain here. Mrs. Lucas is very particular in her conduct, and she told me she could not possibly stay in my house unless there was some female of the family to make things proper; and I approved of it—highly so. My own principles have all been strict."

Violet did not relish the task assigned to her. She would have preferred to go and stay peacefully in Woodbine Cottage, but she could not have her own way. And one afternoon the nondescript vehicle with a hood to it, which Mr. Higgins called the "pheayton," was despatched to the station, and returned bearing Mrs. Lucas and as much of her luggage as could be contained in it. The rest was to come on the omnibus. There sat Mrs. Lucas, surrounded by a heterogeneous collection of packages, comprising three bandboxes; and as the vehicle approached Mr. Higgins's door, she kissed her hand enthusiastically to Miss Baines and Violet at the parlour window. She was a stout and good-looking woman of about five-and-forty, with hair that was still black and glossy, bright dark eyes, and rosy round cheeks. In her youth she had been pale, slender, and sentimental. The pallor and slenderness had disappeared long ago, but Mrs. Lucas had not modified her manner so as to bring it more into harmony with her present appearance, which would best have been described by the word "jolly." Mr. Higgins was at home to receive his guest, and went to the garden gate to conduct her into the house.

"Oh, Mr. Higgins," said she, as she walked up the path on his arm, "you have overwhelmed me with attentions and kindness! When I saw your equipage at the station I could scarcely credit that you had taken all that trouble for poor little me!"

Mr. Higgins understood that the portly lady on his arm was not alluding to her physical dimensions, but intended to express a modest diffidence as to her claims on his consideration; and he made answer, condescendingly, "Why not, ma'am? Why not? There's none more worthy to be taken notice of than yourself!"

(To be continued)



"LIFE OF LORD LAWRENCE," by R. Bosworth Smith, M.A. (2 vols.), with portraits and maps (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—Few men more honestly merit the honour of great biography than John Lawrence. His character, so strong and simple, so stern and tender; and his career, so heroic, so full of danger and difficulty, and so distinguished by splendid achievement—combine to render his life-story one of the most fascinating, and one of the noblest, that the chronicler could desire. The record of his work in India is instinct with epic intensity and fire; and probably nothing is more flatly contradictory of that wide-spread theory—which is the enervating cant of weak-kneed incompetence—that romance and heroism have no place in modern life. Lawrence's lot was cast in perilous times. He began his career at a period when our Indian Empire was hanging between greatness and destruction; almost from the very first his influence was strong and good. One thinks with admiration and despair of his deeds in the midst of the Mutiny, and of his crowning administration when Viceroy; but it is well to remember that it was the insight and understanding gained in earlier days at Delhi and Lahore which rendered after-heroisms possible and complete. Drudgery at Paniput, at Gorgoon, and Etawa, combined with intellectual penetration and an astonishing capacity for hard work, gave him that grasp of varied detail, that supreme comprehension of the native character and the necessities of Indian government, which afterwards enabled him to consolidate the country, and to add undying lustre to his name and his tradition. He could track a thief and launch an army, decide a village boundary and sketch the frontier of an empire with unfailing discretion and success. A man of swift and vigorous action, of relentless purpose, and an iron will, he yet possessed unending patience and a singular tact. With all the ruggedness and sternness of a man who brooked no nonsense from foe or friend, he was, like all large natures, sympathetic and truly kind of heart; but he was unswervingly honest and invincibly just. We might, however, fill columns with honest panegyric of the man, and inadequate description of his deeds. Want of space, however, forbids anything further of the kind; it will be more to the purpose, perhaps, if we say how Mr. Smith has acquitted himself of his task. His book, we are bound to affirm, is disappointing. It is far from being an ideal biography. It is unwieldy, and in parts a little vague and incoherent. Instead of assimilating his materials, and working them into a well-ordered and complete picture, he has, so to speak, given them to us raw. Letters in great numbers are quoted at unnecessary length; and, when the narrative demands a skilful and even brilliant paraphrase of important chapters in Anglo-Indian history (such as the Sikh Wars or the first Afghan War), the work has not been done with such succinctness or such point as the case required. Then Mr. Smith is too fond of dragging in his unique acquaintance with the classics: quotations from the Latin appear at more or less regular intervals; and, now and then, even a line or two from the Greek. He has a weakness, also, for interjecting his own opinions about people and affairs—sometimes, as in Lord Lytton's case, with manifest ill-feeling and prejudice. In point of literature and taste, indeed, the book has many shortcomings; nevertheless it is—as might be expected—of very great interest, and, in a sense apt to be overlooked, of sterling value. Every one has heard of Lord Lawrence; but few know much that is definite about either the man or the land where his fame was achieved and the peoples who cherish his name. It is the great merit of such books as Mr. Smith's that, in spite of their faults, they are read, and rightly read, by thousands, to whom they give an insight not alone into the men whose lives they record, but also into the interior workings of that splendid empire we have built with such success and governed with such beneficence. To study the career of Lawrence, or of Dalhousie, and those other great men who have made Anglo-Indian history, is to see by what genius and heroism our position has been strengthened and maintained, and how vast a heritage and how noble a tradition have descended to our care.

Already known as a writer of sincere and graceful verse, Mr. Walter Pollock now claims attention as a teller of short stories. "The Picture's Secret" (Remington and Co.) is a tale distinguished by some novelty both of handling and conception, though the

materials perhaps might have been turned to even better account than appears. What the secret is, it would not, of course, be fair to tell. The interest is psychological; and almost from the first page the reader's curiosity is roused and maintained. The strange, half repellent, half fascinating character of Lilith, the heroine, is well imagined, and skilfully and naturally drawn; and there is truth in the sketch of Lady Emmy, whose affection for her brother, the hero, is at once touching and fresh. Passion there is, and gaiety, and an undercurrent of supernaturalism. But the author is seen at his best, perhaps, in the final catastrophe, where a well-worn incident is rendered new and striking by an exercise of genuine art. To "The Picture's Secret" is added an "Episode in the Life of Mr. Latimer," an amusing whimsicality in which the Devil, *in propria persona*, plays a thrilling part. The idea is capital; and it is worked out with ingenuity and humour. One of the best situations is that where the "Old Gentleman" appears in the guise of a butler. Latimer had been dining at the house of an eccentric friend, when, as he was leaving, the butler asked him to favour his host by inscribing his autograph in "a large volume bound in vellum," which the butler remarked, already contained "many distinguished names." Latimer, noticing a baleful fire in the butler's eye, and a "hideous, but withal majestic triumph" in his air, hesitated. An idea suddenly struck him. Turning to the Satanic servitor he said, "I will sign on one condition." "Any condition you like to name—any conditions—whatever you please," was the reply. So, gently tapping the Devil on the shoulder, Latimer said kindly, but firmly, "Reform, dear boy, reform." This is not bad; and there is much that is quite as good. Altogether Mr. Pollock's volume provides some pleasant entertainment.

Mr. J. Moyr Smith has compiled a curious and interesting book illustrating "Ancient Greek Female Costume" (S. Low and Co.).—In the midst of present discussions—lively and dull alike—on the mysterious subject of woman's dress, this is a volume which should meet with wide acceptance. It indicates a very considerable and painstaking research on the part of the author; and it will probably kill outright the many absurd and narrow illusions which so greatly prevail on the subject of Greek Costume. The popular notion—which, as Mr. Moyr Smith remarks, and as we believe, has been largely shared by many people whose acquaintance with classic art and literature is by no means slight—is that the clothing of Greek ladies was of small account and quantity, and very little varied either in kind or in ornamentation. It is enough to say, in confutation of this, that we have here upwards of a hundred and twelve full-page sketches of costumes—all different, all more or less beautiful and suggestive, many elaborate and ornate; besides these, there are several smaller drawings of scarcely less interest and merit. The explanatory letterpress is full of attractive information, and the quotations from Greek authors seem well-chosen. Altogether a timely and a useful book.

More elaborate in "get up," M. Challeme's "History of Fashion" (S. Low and Co.), is also likely to be more popular. The French work has been ably translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. Practically this account does not carry us farther back than the Gallo-Roman period; but as it is complete almost to the present year it is full enough to satisfy the most insatiable inquirer. The coloured plates are bright, graceful—in fact generally admirable, but more especially in their absolute suitability to the purpose of the book. As for the letterpress, it is as attractive as the pictures, being full of pleasant instruction, conveyed in a bright, chatty way, and well spiced with good anecdote. A book entirely to the taste and after the heart of woman.



THAT Mrs. Oliphant writes fiction too much and too often is now a commonplace, especially among her warmest admirers, who can neither forget her earlier works nor admit that her later approach them. Still, to maintain such a consistent level of moderately good work is itself admirable, considering its profusion—a profusion so regular that the critics have to toil after her in vain. She writes faster than they can read; and even the reader who follows fiction solely for pleasure, should he devote himself entirely to Mrs. Oliphant, would seldom be left without at least one novel on hand. "It Was a Lover and His Lass" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is a very typical and also very favourable example of her skill in novel-manufacture. There is absolutely no waste of material. The very thinnest of plots is drawn out with really extraordinary ingenuity to the fullest possible length, and yet scarcely the intrusion of a page that can be called wearisome. Moreover the action takes place among the fewest possible number of characters, who make up for their lack of action by their fresh and natural way of saying an infinite number of things not in themselves worth saying. Persistent conversation, invariably marked by dramatic propriety and flavoured with individual mannerisms, constitutes a character—and in this sense each and all of Mrs. Oliphant's *dramatis personae* may lay claim to the title. The most sympathetic are the two middle-aged sisters, Miss Margaret and Miss Jean Murray, who represent, with a certain amount of originality, a long line of old-fashioned Scottish spinsters—the one all shrewdness, the other all sentiment, but both equally quaint, honest, and kind in their different ways. The plot is by rights a comedy, being the story of a young man who believes himself to have inherited a large fortune unjustly, and proposes to put matters straight by marrying one of the sisters, whom he believes to have been ousted by him, without having seen any. He believes his choice to lie between Miss Jean and Miss Margaret, but reckons over-hastily, without the knowledge of a third and younger sister—whereby hangs the whole tale. Whatever interest results is obtained without any of the element of mystery which in less experienced or less able hands the plot would seem to demand. As a literary performance, the work is a triumph over difficulties, the more complete because the difficulties are so completely concealed.

"The Golden Shaft"—there is no need to explain the meaning of the title—by Charles Gibbon (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), is another Scotch novel with an even more pronounced Scotch flavour. Indeed, as is after all only fitting, a certain amount of national or acquired taste for the flavour is requisite on the part of the reader to make him appreciate Mr. Gibbon's mastery over the dialect which calls Kirkcudbright "Kirkcoobry." The novel is altogether pleasant to read, and sufficiently interesting, although it cannot be said that the author has been so fortunate as usual in his choice of a plot, or so skilful in its construction. So far from being one of those stories which, so to speak, are crying out to be told, it shows signs of having been forced into existence; and, therefore, demands a proportionate amount of constructive skill to give it a spontaneous and natural air. All the interest has to be manufactured, instead of being inherent in the story. The most effective portions are certain detached scenes of a dramatic character—the least effective the incidents and complications which lead to them, often in defiance of every kind of probability. Throughout the whole, however, stands out, in very clear and consistent relief, the character of Richard Musgrave, the Fiscal at Thorniehowe, in his union of conscientiousness and passion. He is altogether a striking study of the dramatic capabilities of many a seemingly commonplace nature. None of the other characters are especially noteworthy—they fulfil their purpose by bringing about the scenes and situations to which allusion has already been made. On the whole, "The

Golden Shaft," while certainly not raising Mr. Gibbon's high reputation, will be found quite worth reading, if only for the sake of its exceedingly attractive national colouring.

On the other hand, Miss Jean Middlemass has decidedly surpassed her former works in "Patty's Partner: a Novel" (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers). She has contrived to avoid her besetting sins of inaccuracy and of contempt for truth of detail which have too often deepened mere unlikelihood into downright impossibility; while her characteristic merit remains—that of being able to create women who are absolutely real, and true to nature at once in great things as in small; at once in the most exceptional situations and in the trifles of every day. Similar portraits of men we never expect from her hand; but even in this respect she has made an advance, so far as concerns "Patty's Partner," Max Schippheim, who affords a consistent portrait; and, moreover, has the distinction of enlisting sympathy on the side of an exceptionally elderly and personally unattractive lover. The story is exceedingly simple; indeed, a considerable amount of skill was needful to main its interest so successfully. In the matter of style, also, Miss Middlemass has improved, and the tone of the novel is of exemplary healthiness.



MESSRS. RICORDI.—"Rime Popolari à Due Voci," written and composed by L. Caracciolo, are a set of six pleasing duets for equal voices; they should find a favoured place in the portfolios of all amateurs. Prettiest of the group are No. I., "Un Verde, Praterello senza Pianta," and No. III., "Se Moro Ricopritemi di Fiori."—"Aprile," words by R. E. Pagliari, music by F. Paolo Tosti, is a song worth learning and singing well. By the same composer are three other charming songs, entitled respectively, "Ideale," poetry by Carmelo Errico, bright and taking, but the accompaniment is somewhat difficult, and should not be attempted by the singer.—"Patti Chiari" (*a una buona ragazza*), a scherzo, words by L. A. Vassallo; fairly good and singable, but least interesting of the group.—Both words and melody of "Povera Mamma" are touching and poetical, the former are by Paolo Ferrari.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—Although upon the well worn theme of an unhappy little child's ill-treatment, "The Little Minstrel," written and composed by Walter Spinney is a very pathetic and pleasing song, compass from C below the lines to the octave above.—A meet companion for above, but in the soprano register, is a very charming song, "In the Woods," words by Adelaide Procter, music by James F. Downes.—"Dolly" is a blithesome little narrative song, words by Beatrice Esmond, music by Elizabeth Philp. It is published in F and G.—Two remarkably good pieces for the pianoforte by Etienne Claudet are: "Natalie," *a mazurka de concert*, and "Scintilla," an "Impromptu;" both are bright and graceful, and not too long to be learnt by heart and played after dinner.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—"Christ is Risen from the Dead," a full anthem for Easter, words from Holy Writ, music by E. A. Sydenham, is well written, not difficult, and will be found most useful to small church choirs.—"Bird of the Wilderness," a part song, written and composed by Messrs. James Hogg and Edward Simmons, students of the Guildhall School of Music. It has plenty of go in it, and is bright and sparkling.—Three short andantes for the organ by Walter Porter, F.C.O., will be of great use to organists for playing the congregation in. All three are good, but we prefer No. 2, Andante in B flat, as being the most melodious.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very pathetic and effective song for a baritone or contralto voice is "Her Still Slumbers," poetry and music by J. W. Gilbert Smith, M.A. (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—A pretty love poem by Mary Mark Lemon, "One Year Ago To-Night," has been allied to indifferent music by Alfred Allen (Messrs. Marriott and Williams).—"Sir Geoffrey," a minuet for the pianoforte by D. R. Munro, is common-place and dull (Messrs. Francis Brothers and Day).—"Military March" in C major, composed by Thomas Dutton, is brilliant and decidedly good (Messrs. Hime and Anderson, Manchester).—A very playable and danceable valse is "Impulse," by Percy Tunnicliff Cowley (Messrs. Arrow-smith Brothers, High Street, Hampstead).

### THE SONG OF FAITH

FAITH sat, and swiftly span she, a white-robed deep-eyed maiden,  
While the autumn sunlight bathed her, like a shower of ruddy rain;  
And her voice rose like a harp, which a skilful hand has played on,  
Which has caught a thought of beauty, from a weak uncertain strain.

All thro' the Indian summer, she marked the swallows going,  
While the chestnuts and the beeches change from green to fiery gold,  
The robin sang out boldly to the streamlet's softened flowing,  
And she learned that ere t'will youthful be the world must first grow old.

"Oh swallows, and oh finches!—!" She paused not in her spinning,  
Still her wheel went whirring gaily as in July's fairest day—  
"Our Summer must be ended, ere we look for Spring beginning,  
"And our flowers must die to bring us fruits more precious still than they."

"There must be abnegation, to make a perfect ending,  
To a tale however simple, to a life however grand;  
As there is death in Nature, to insure the perfect blending  
Of the seasons, ere the Summer we can welcome in our land."

"From Nature passing upward, we read the solemn story,  
We can join the mystic anthem, which above the angels sing;  
How Christ, this Earth's Redeemer, must first die to win us glory,  
How the Earth was clothed in mourning, ere she knew eternal Spring."

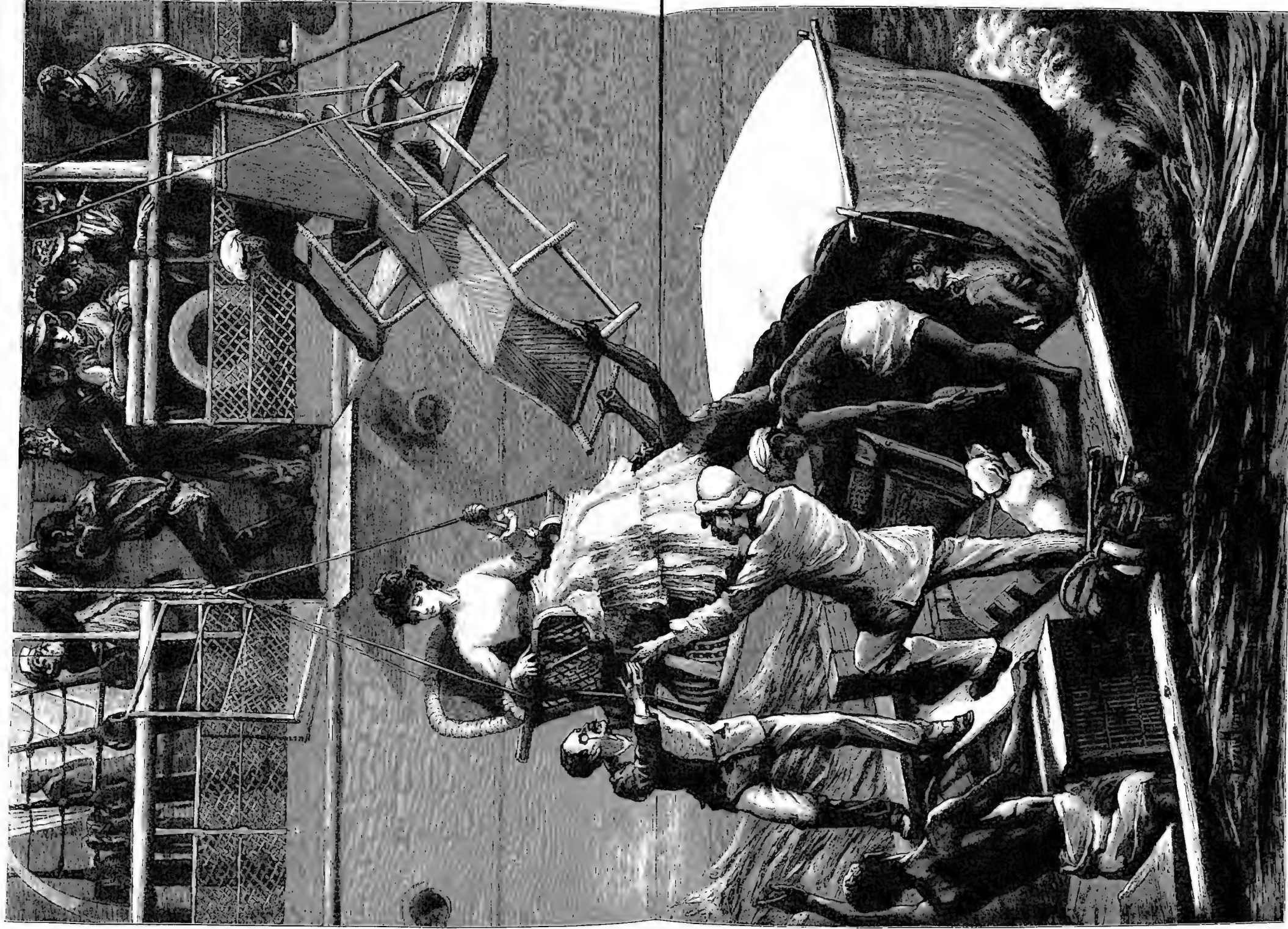
"The streams are chained and silent, the pleasant sky is clouded,  
But in June we mark their beauty, though for June we oft wait long,  
The upper room is silent, and sad Golgotha lies shrouded,  
All to lend a richer chorus, unto Olivet's clear song."

"Egerthè!" sing the angels. "That word had ne'er been spoken—  
Had the solemn *Tetelestai* not on Calvary been said.  
I weave life's faulty numbers, to a song of joy unbroken  
In a book whose blazoned pages mortal eyes have never read!"

Sing to your eager swallows, serenely-spinning maiden,  
While the chestnuts and the beeches stand in calm and grand decay;  
Ye work a shining fabric, which with hope and peace is laden,  
Ye have taught our souls a lesson, which will last eternally!

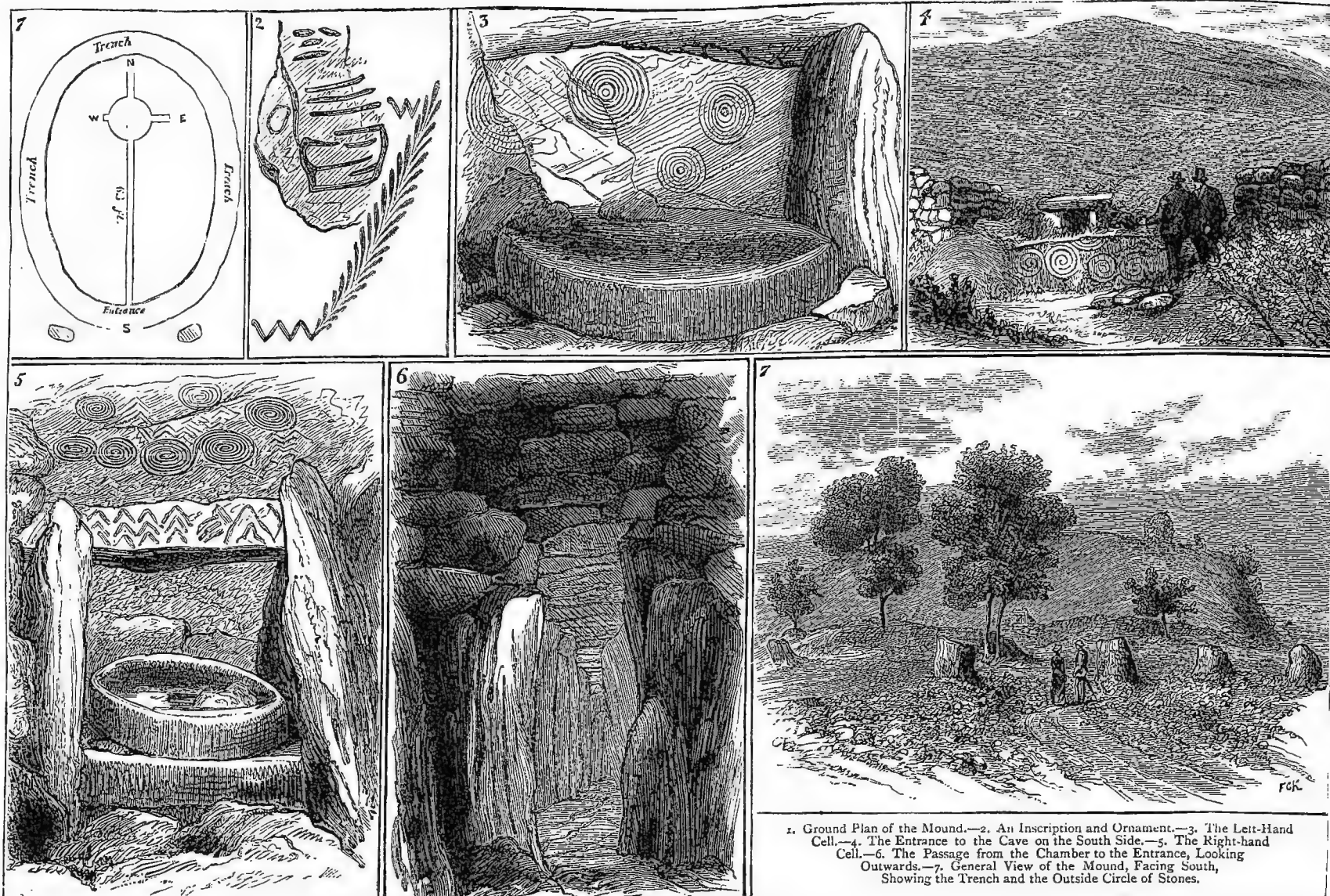
L. A. JOHNSTONE





FOR THE SHORE—A SKETCH IN COLOMBO HARBOUR, CEYLON





1. Ground Plan of the Mound.—2. An Inscription and Ornament.—3. The Left-Hand Cell.—4. The Entrance to the Cave on the South Side.—5. The Right-Hand Cell.—6. The Passage from the Chamber to the Entrance, Looking Outwards.—7. General View of the Mound, Facing South, Showing the Trench and the Outside Circle of Stones.

### ANCIENT SEPULCHRAL MOUND NEAR DROGHEDA, IRELAND

No part of the United Kingdom is so thickly studded with ancient sepulchral monuments as the east coast of Ireland; no archaeological field is so little visited; and none would so richly repay systematic exploration. These monuments consist of tumuli, or barrows; dolmens, such as Lanyon Quoit, near Penzance; and stone circles, like Avebury and Stonehenge. Some of the Irish tumuli are very large, and many of the largest have never been opened. Considering the obscurity in which the early history of Ireland is involved, and the great interest attaching to archaeological investigations of this class, it is surprising that the national antiquities of the Sister Island should so long have been neglected by the learned societies of Great Britain. The very remarkable tumulus which forms the subject of our illustrations is one of the largest and most interesting in Ireland. It occupies a central position in a group of barrows scattered over some two miles of country bordering the north bank of the Boyne River, about five miles east of Drogheda. This group still numbers seventeen tumuli; and, being evidently a large and important cemetery, must have originally contained many more. The three largest are locally known as Knowth, Dowth, and New Grange. Our illustrations represent New Grange, and are engraved from finished sketches made on the spot by Miss Brocklehurst and Miss Booth, Members of the British Archaeological Association. They consist of—1. Ground plan of the mound; 2. An inscription and ornament; 3. The left hand cell; 4. The entrance to the cave on the south side; 5. The right hand cell; 6. The passage from the chamber to the entrance; 7. General view of the mound, facing south, showing the trench and the outside circle of stones.

The burial field in which the tumulus of New Grange is situated is identified with the famous cemetery of "Brugh-na-Boinne," or Brugh of the Boyne, where, according to an ancient Irish MS. dating from before A.D. 1105, the Kings of Tara from the time of Crimthann (A.D. 85) to the time of Leoghaire (A.D. 428) were interred. Here also were laid those warriors who fought in, but survived, the battles of Moytura; those slain in combat having been buried where they fell. The Danes are known to have plundered three of the tumuli of Brugh, in A.D. 862; and there can be little doubt that Knowth, Dowth, and New Grange were the three in question. The first is much dilapidated, and the secret of its entrance is lost. The two last are open. The remaining fourteen, which complete the group, are mostly intact, including one which to this day bears the name of Daghdha, a king who is recorded to have reigned for eighty years.

New Grange stands upon the summit of a small hill. At its base, this tumulus measures from 310 to 315 feet in diameter. Its height is about seventy feet, fourteen to fifteen of which must be deducted for the rise of the hill, the top of which forms the level of the floor of the central chamber. The slope of the mound is carried up at an angle of about thirty-five degrees; the top being a slightly concave platform of loose stones, 120 feet in diameter. The sides of the stones are faced with round cobble-stones, overgrown here and there by bushes and young trees. The mound is surrounded by a trench, and the trench was originally surrounded by a circle of large upright monoliths, or standing stones, of which only six or seven remain. When perfect, this circle consisted of thirty stones, which is the exact number ascribed to the outer circle at Stonehenge. The entrance to New Grange, instead of starting, as in most instances, from the outer edge of the mound, is fifteen feet above the base level, and about fifty feet inwards from the original surface of the outer slope at that height. In order to lay it bare, that part of the original surface has, however, been destroyed; probably by the Danish plunderers of the ninth century. Though adorned with a richly sculptured threshold-stone ten feet in length, the entrance is a mere rectangular hole measuring two feet in height by three feet in width. Creeping in through this aperture, the length of which is about six feet, the explorer finds himself in a narrow passage something less than three feet wide and six feet high, the sides formed of a double row of standing monoliths, and the roof constructed with flat stone slabs. This passage is

sixty-three feet long; the monoliths increasing in height, and the roof (which does not rest upon them), rapidly becoming loftier, as the central chamber is approached. Over this chamber, which is circular, the roof rises into a conical dome twenty feet in height, built of enormous flat stones, projecting layer above layer till they meet at the top. Three cells, or recesses, open from the central chamber, each containing an oval shallow basin hollowed out of a single stone, measuring three feet wide by three feet six inches long, and from six to nine inches in depth. These singular basins are invariably found in Irish tumuli, but their purpose is unknown. Some are nearly seven feet in length, and a great authority suggests that they may have contained the ashes of the dead, and have been closed with a lid like a dish-cover, as was anciently the custom in Southern Babylonia.

The ground-plan of New Grange shows a rough general resemblance to the form of an Irish cross. The largest recess, which represents the head of the cross, is twenty feet in depth. Of the two others (east and west), the easternmost is considerably the larger, measuring nearly eight feet in depth. The walls and ceilings of these cells are profusely ornamented with carved spirals, zig-zags, and lozenges. A very curious ornament, which may be meant for a fern or a feather (see Illustration No. 2), is carved on one of the walls of the western recess, together with a singular group of signs which antiquaries are agreed in describing as an "inscription," but which none have yet deciphered. If alphabetical, the alphabet to which these letters belong is unknown. Possibly they may be Phœnician numerals. An almost identical group of signs occurs upon a sculptured dolmen-stone at Locmariaker, in Brittany.

The earliest description of New Grange is found in a letter written by a certain Mr. Llwyd, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford (date 1699), who states that a coin of Valentinian was found near the top of the mound when some of the stones were removed for the purpose of mending the roads. An excavation near the entrance conducted by Lord A. Cunyngham in 1842, resulted in the discovery of two very fine gold torques, or collars; a brooch; a gold ring; and a gold coin of Geta (A.D. 205–212). A second gold ring was at the same time found in one of the recesses opening out from the central chamber. Two skeletons are also said to have been discovered at some earlier period; but whether they were original or secondary interments is not known. Mr. James Fergusson, author of the admirable work entitled "Rude Stone Monuments," suggests that New Grange may be the grave of a certain King named Cairbre Lifechair, who, according to the chronicle of "The Four Masters," reigned from A.D. 271 to 288.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

NOTWITHSTANDING a certain air of crudity in places—probably due to inexperience—there is much to admire in "A Ballad of the Road, and Other Poems," by May Probyn (W. Satchell), and something of the true ring of poetry. The author has evidently a strong feeling for ballads, and has, to a great extent, succeeded very well in her attempts to reproduce the old form and spirit. The opening piece, telling of "Sweet Mistress Ann" and the rescue of her highwayman lover, is capital, and almost enough, with its busy action and quaint childish refrain, to make one think leniently of such "strong thieves"—more especially as one is not likely to have to forgive them in the flesh. "Jane Shore," also, is excellent, and with a trifling amount of extra polish—in banishing redundant syllables and so on—would have been nearly perfect; the idea has obviously been suggested by Mr. Prinsep's fine picture, and there are some stanzas likely to haunt the memory. Of the other poems, "Mary Trent" is about the best—a most pitiful death-bed tale of true love and falsehood, told in unusually good Tennysonian blank verse; the dedication is enough to show the influence upon Miss Probyn's muse of the Poet Laureate's greater gifts. The imitations of old French measures are decidedly clever, though there is always a sense of unreality about such attempts; and altogether the little volume gives genuine pleasure.

"The Knight of Castille, and Other Poems," by Austin C. Smith (Ward, Lock), must not be judged too severely, since an apologetic

note informs us that the contents were written by a young man under twenty-three. Still it seems a pity to publish such boyish effusions; a cold world cannot be expected to make the excuses for incompetence which might be granted by partial friends.

There is one striking feature about "The True and Romantic Love Story of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson," a drama in verse, by J. Antisell Allen (Elliot Stock), viz.: the exuberant—though slightly unnecessary—precautions which the author has taken for the adequate presentation of his play. The stage directions are of the fullest, and it strikes one that the scenery would need to partake of the nature of a panorama in order to do fitting justice to the rapid changes in the action; it strikes one also that the most liberal of managers might fairly hesitate before awarding a special "set" for the second scene, since although it is widely described as "Scene in Wiltshire," it consists of exactly three lines. The dramatic interest of the piece is about on a par with the character of the verse, whilst the imagery is not invariably felicitous; for instance, Miss Apsley commits herself, on one occasion, to the statement that "the poor chrysalis forgets his wings"—it would be rather curious if it could forget what had never yet been possessed.

Granting the necessity for such a work—which may possibly exist in America—"The Boy's Percy," by Sidney Lanier (Sampson Low) is very good. We are not fond of expurgated editions, and it is hard to see why our young Transatlantic cousins should be deprived of the old volume in its entirety; it has never been found harmful on this side of the water. Still, the volume is nicely produced, and may, it is to be hoped, lead some to the original, as the author seems to wish. It is rather strange, by-the-by, to meet in the preface with such an assertion as that "the art of ballad-making in England has been lost since the sixteenth century." Did Mr. Lanier never then hear of "The Eve of St. John," the "Lays of Ancient Rome," or "The Little Baltham," to say nothing of others? It is absurd to speak of these as "mere products of imitation."

The author of "River Songs, and Other Poems," by Arthur Dillon (Kegan Paul), approaches very near to high excellence; so much so, that it is at times hard to decide wherein he fails. The chief drawback is an absence of sufficient attention to polish, which many of the lines really deserve. It is annoying that a good and poetical passage should be marred by jarring cadences which might have been avoided with a little extra care. The voyage of Mildred's lovers is really good, musical for the most part, and replete with charming imagination. Again, the little drama of "The Maid of Artemis" has much deserving praise, and many good verses occur here and there throughout the volume; but it needed more thoughtful revision. Some of the illustrations are fairly effective.

In Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.'s elegant series, the Parchment Library, is issued a dainty little volume of "French Lyrics," selected and annotated by George Saintsbury. It was, of course, impossible that the collection should be exhaustive; but it has been well made on the whole, and is put forward in a pleasant and unaffected style.

BLUE RIBBON PRINCIPLES are evidently influencing Belgian authorities, for a time-honoured custom in the Brussels Chamber of Deputies has lately been abrogated, much to the wrath of the members. Formerly, so says the Brussels correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, the traditional glass of water prepared to wet the parched throat of every Parliamentary orator was replaced in the Brussels House by a "grog au cognac." These "grogs" were not only supplied to the actual speakers, but were solemnly handed round by the House officials every hour to the Deputies, reporters, and foreign journalists, while the "grog" at the tribune itself was replenished as often as the orator pleased. But this year the "grogs" have vanished, and only humble *eau sucrée* is handed round; while, though there is a bar for supplying the beloved "grogs," the Deputies have to pay for them. Remonstrances having proved useless, the head of the Opposition now brings his brandy flask with him, and when he gets his *eau sucrée* ostentatiously mixes his own "grog." Not only his followers, but his opponents take the hint, and the flasks appear all down the benches, in the hopes of shaming the Government out of their economical fit.



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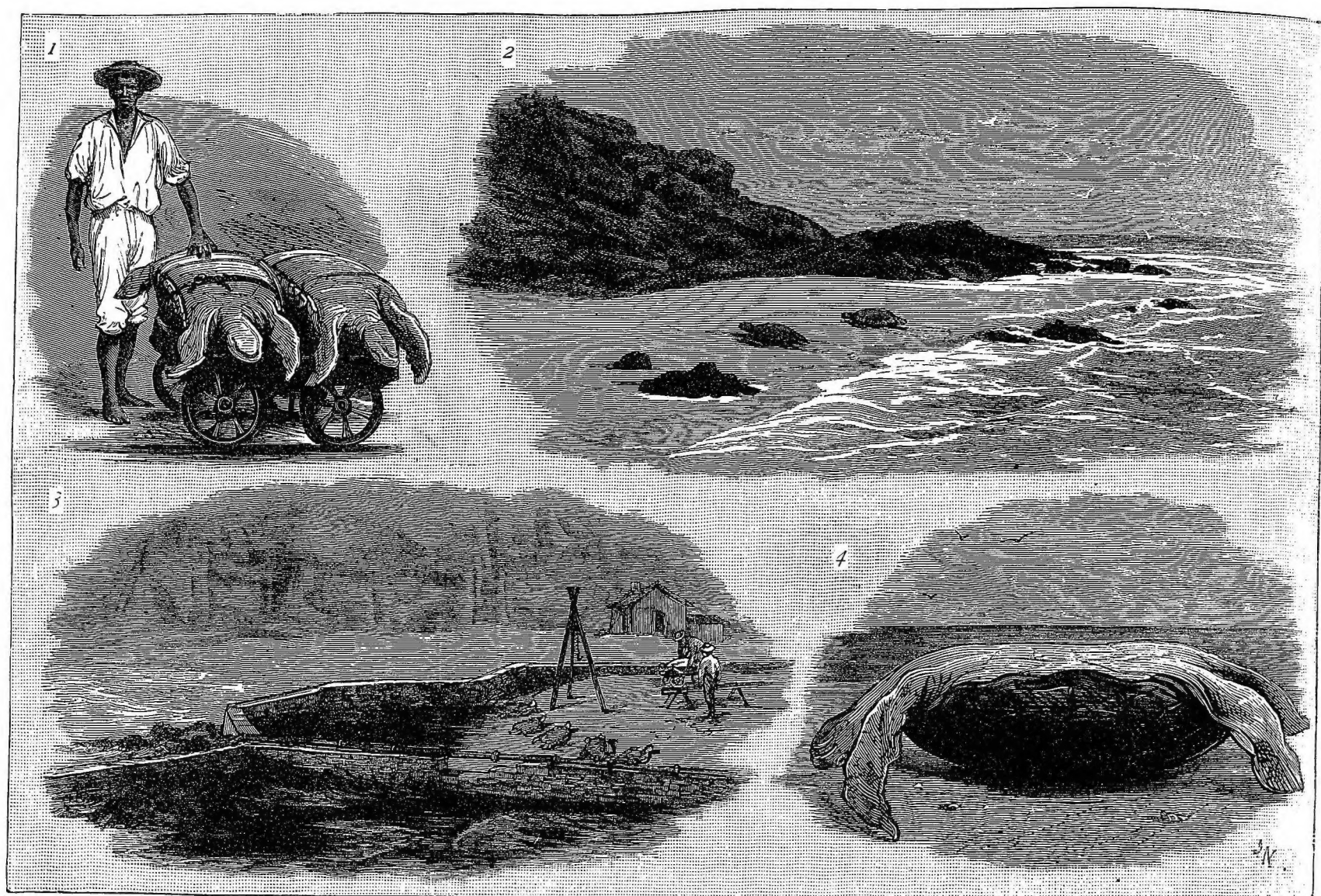
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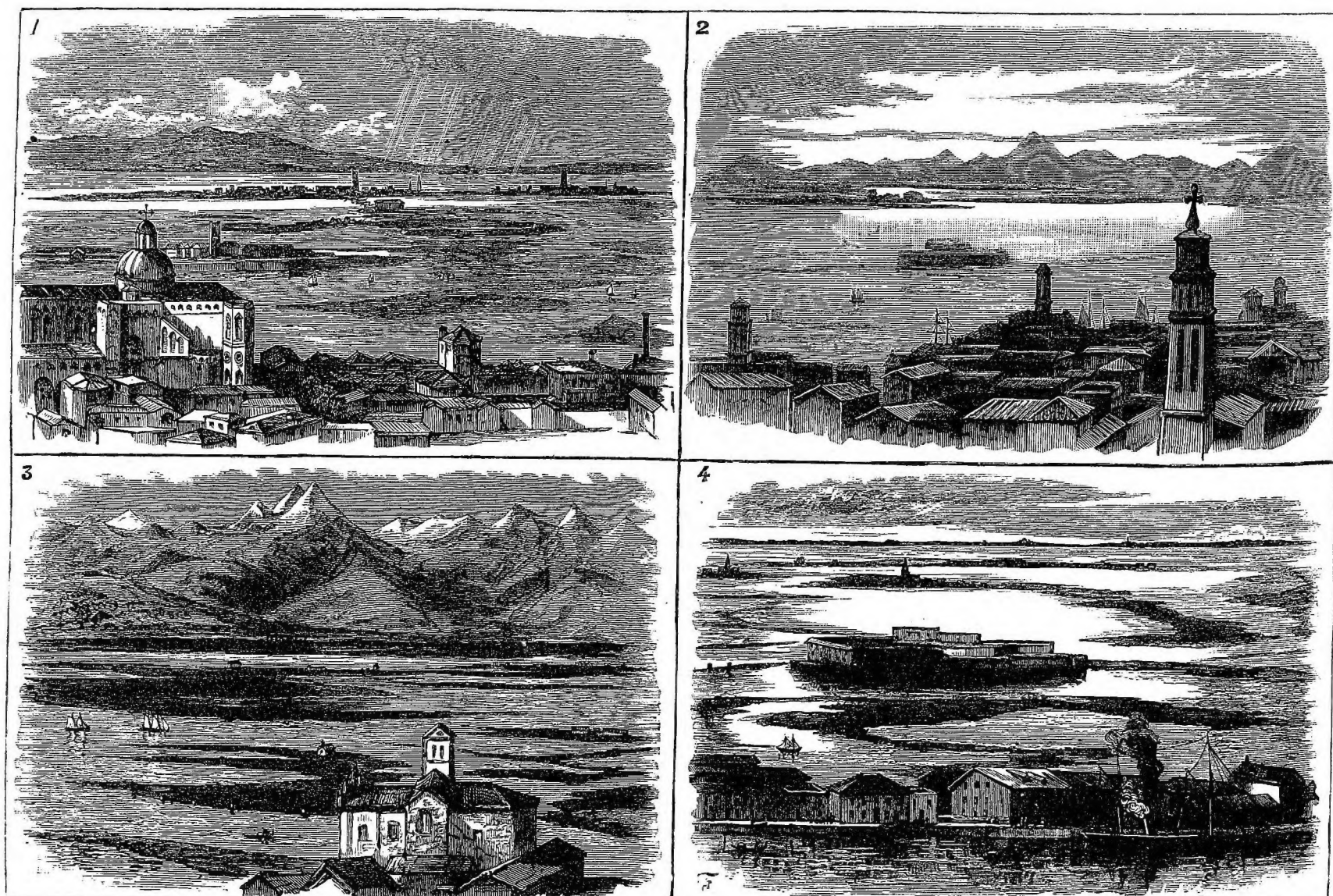
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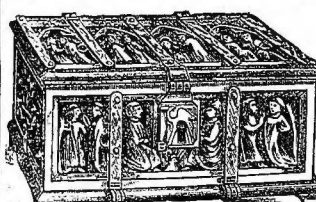


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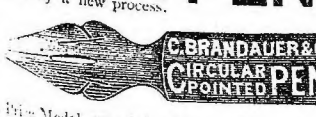
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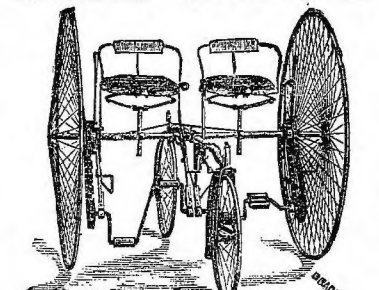
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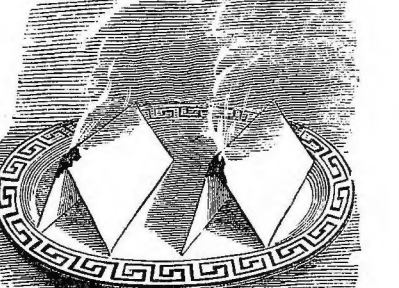
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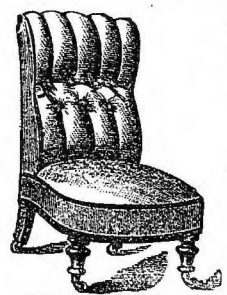


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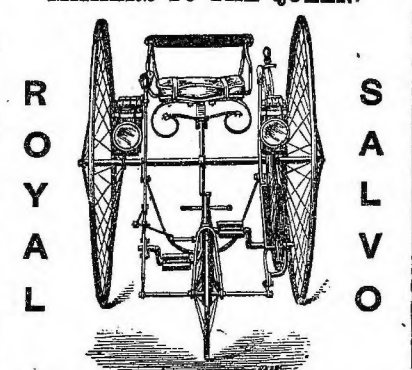


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